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The SPHERE, London, December 17, 1938

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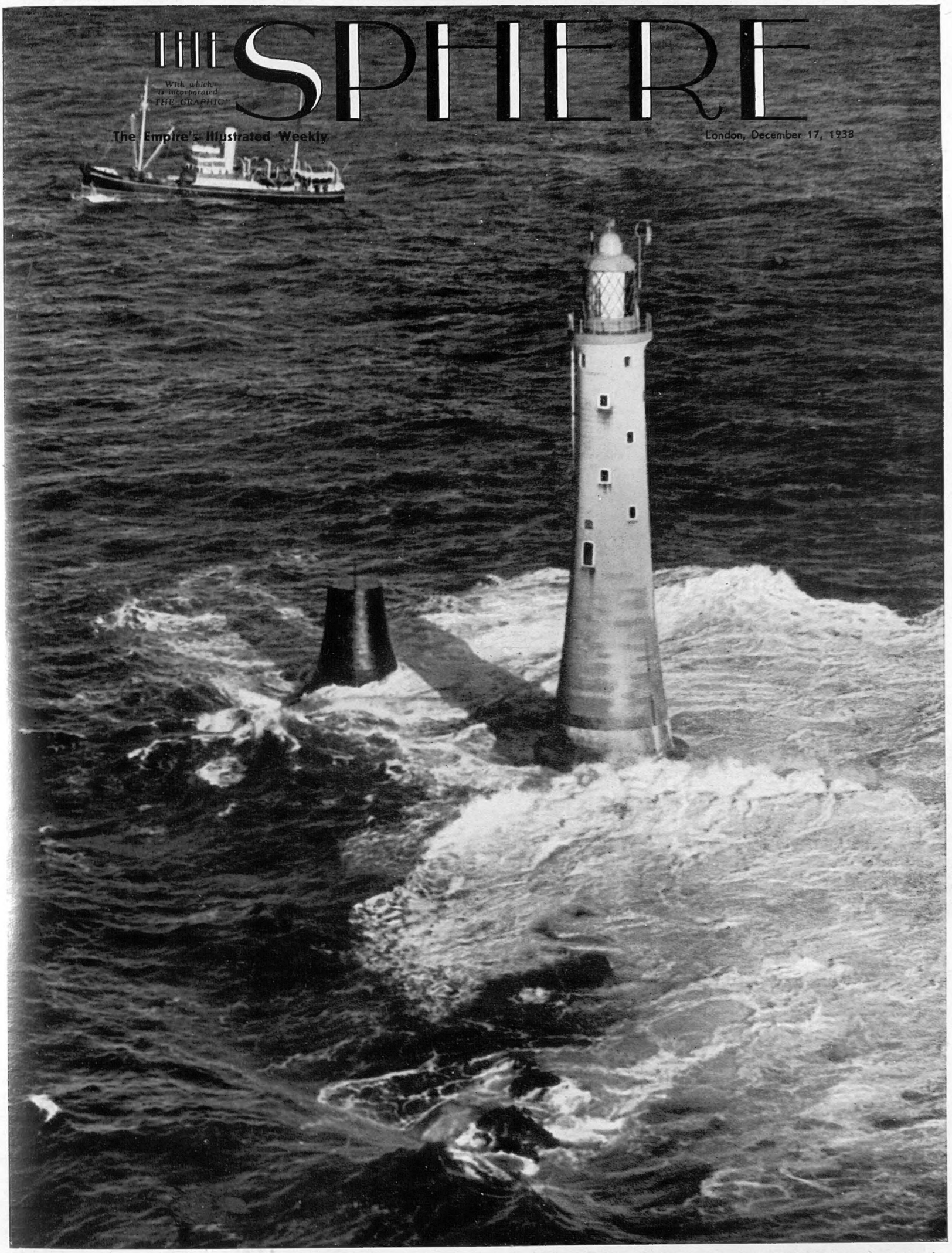
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, December 17, 1938



MAROONED IN THE EDDYSTONE

The Trinity House Steamer "Satellite" Standing by as Her Crew Attempted to Relieve the Sick Lightkeeper

From late autumn to early spring great storms periodically break against the Eddystone, that guardian of shipping where the English Channel meets the rollers of the western ocean. During the past few days the lighthouse has been the scene of one of its recurring dramas as bold attempts have been made to bring ashore principal keeper Jordain, who sent out an S O S on December 8, stating that he needed medical treatment. Owing to the adverse conditions, however, it was found quite impossible for a tug to establish contact, so it was decided last Monday to send out the 491-ton Trinity House steamer *Satellite*, a much larger vessel and better equipped, which, as this frontispiece shows, proceeded to within a few hundred yards of the Eddystone. At this time, however, spray was hitting the rocks and sweeping halfway up the 130-ft. tower, and although a motor boat was twice launched from the *Satellite*, it failed on both occasions to get near enough to rig up a breeches buoy, the attempt having to be abandoned for the day. Beside the Eddystone, which is the fourth lighthouse erected on the site, are the remains of Smeaton's tower, which, owing to crumbling foundations, was dismantled in 1877 after 118 years of service

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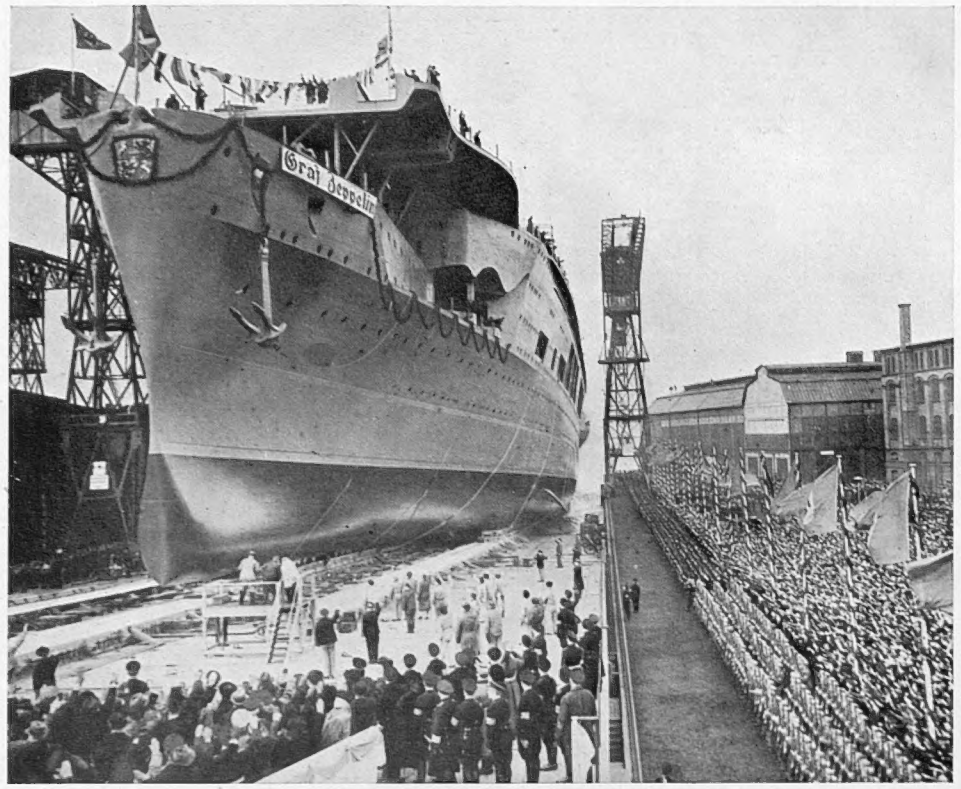
THE WAY OF THE



THE GERMAN NAVY'S FIRST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER: This was the animated spectacle at Kiel as, in the presence of Chancellor Hitler and a mighty throng, the 19,250-ton warship, *Graf Zeppelin*, named after the pioneer of dirigible airships, was about to be launched by Countess Hella von Brandenstein Zeppelin. This is the first of two aircraft-carriers now being built in the Reich

THE TRIAL OF MADAME SKOBLINE: The defendant talking to her lawyers on entering the court in Paris, where she was charged last week with complicity in the mysterious disappearance in 1937 of General Miller, President of the Federation of Russian ex-Service Men. It was expected that the trial would last a week or ten days, and among the many witnesses called has been M. Max Dormoy, French Socialist Minister of the Interior at the time of the General's disappearance

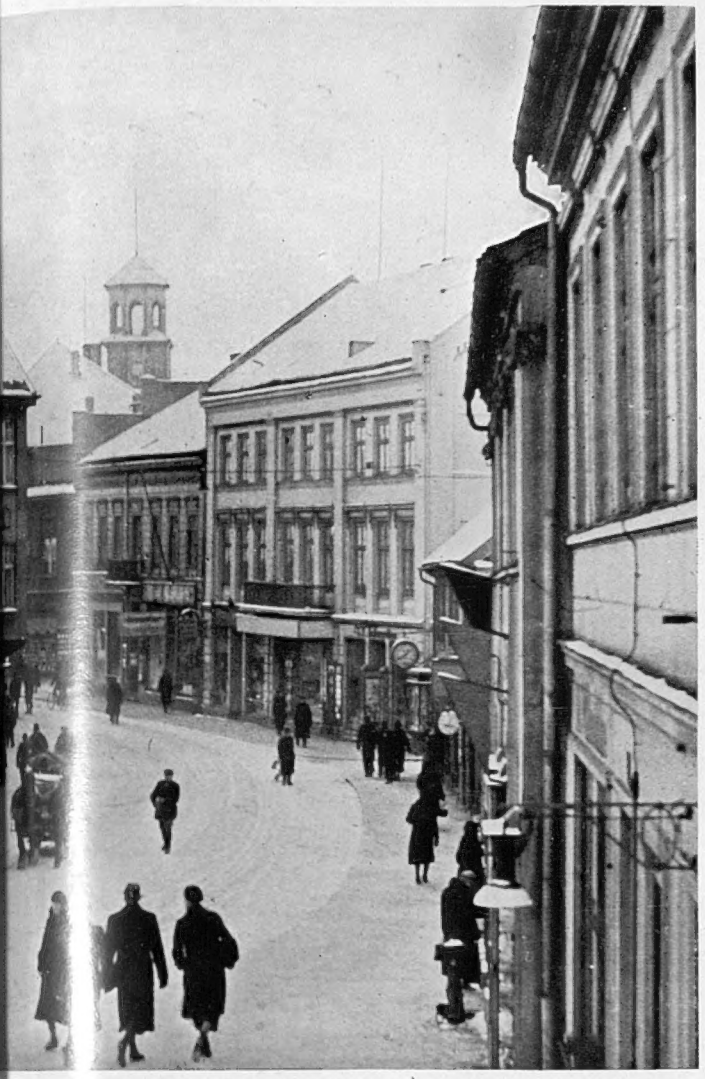
"CLAY IN THE HANDS OF POTTERS OF INTRIGUE": This was how Judge Knox described Johanna Hoffmann, who is seen above as she left for prison, when he sentenced her in New York to four years imprisonment for espionage activities on behalf of Germany. The Judge further referred to the bungling way in which German espionage is organised in the U.S., declaring that its sole result is the creation of ill-will

A REICH ENVOY LEAVES FOR HOME: Dr. Hans Diekhoff, German Ambassador to the United States, waiting in the U.S. State Department, Washington, to take leave of Secretary of State Cordell Hull after he had been called home by Germany to report on the "strange attitude" of President Roosevelt with regard to the German Government's violent anti-Semitic campaign

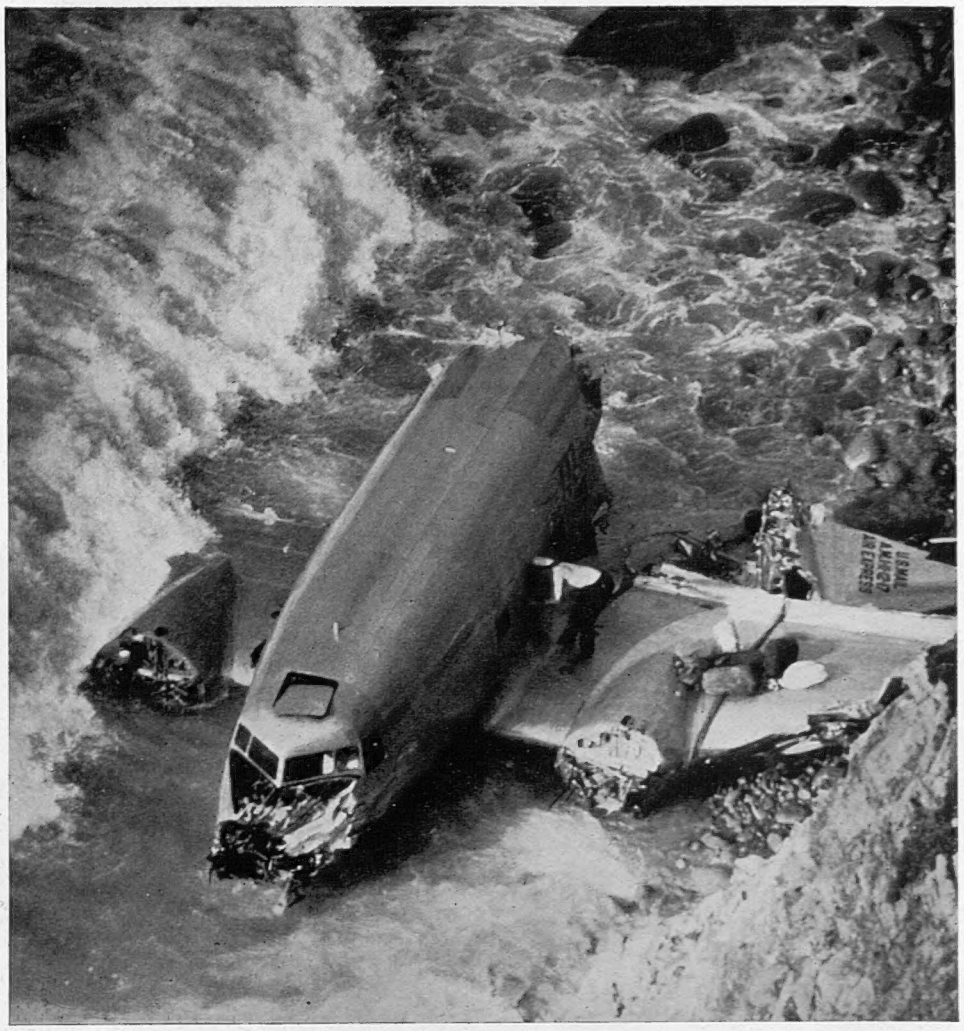
A STREET IN MEMEL: A scene in this Baltic city which held its electi this week and returned to power an almost pro-German Die Memel territory, which consists of 1,000 sq. miles, was detached fr Germany at Versailles and since 1924 has constituted a unit un the sovereignty of Lithuania, though having a measure of lo autonomy. Now the German leaders in Memel are asking for freed

"VENISE A NOUS": This was the ironical poster carried by Fre students when they demonstrated in Paris a few days ago as a pro against Italy's high-handed claims on Nice, Corsica, and Tunis. Marseilles there were even larger demonstrations, some 15,000 Corsic

TROUBLED WORLD

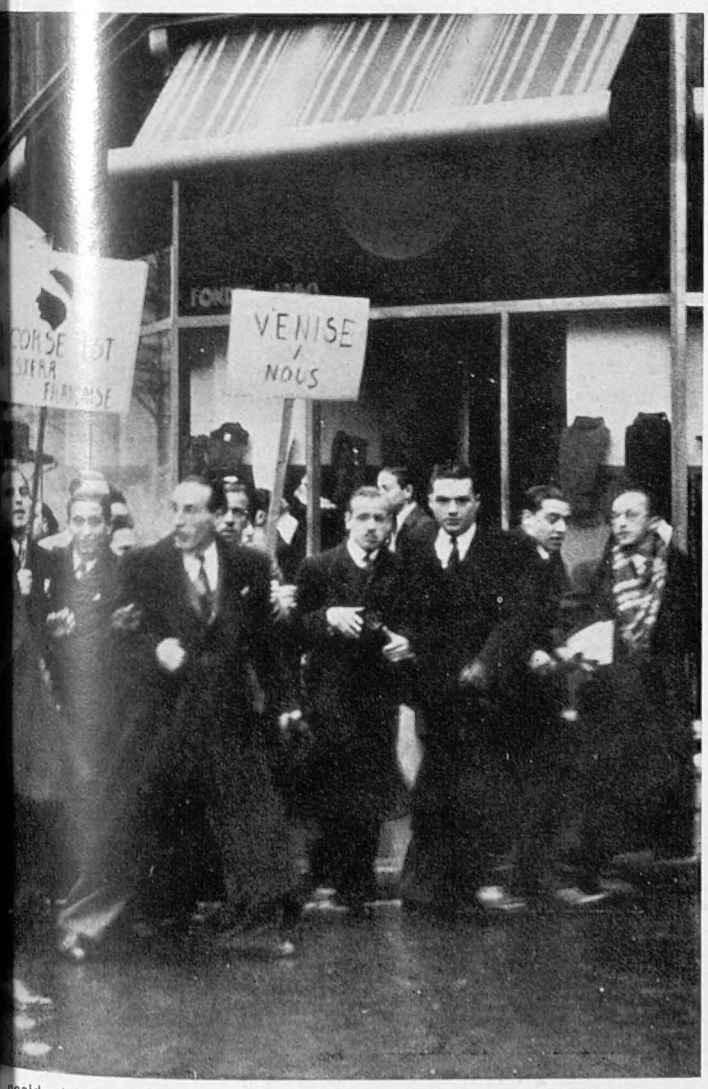


'to live a National Socialist community owing allegiance to the Führer." As it is i ossible for any sovereign state to allow a section of its nominal subjects owe allegiance to the ruler of another nation, such a situation can be o transitional. It was reported this week, however, that Herr Hitler w not at present anxious to see Memel separated from the body of L huania, as this might throw Lithuania into the arms of Poland

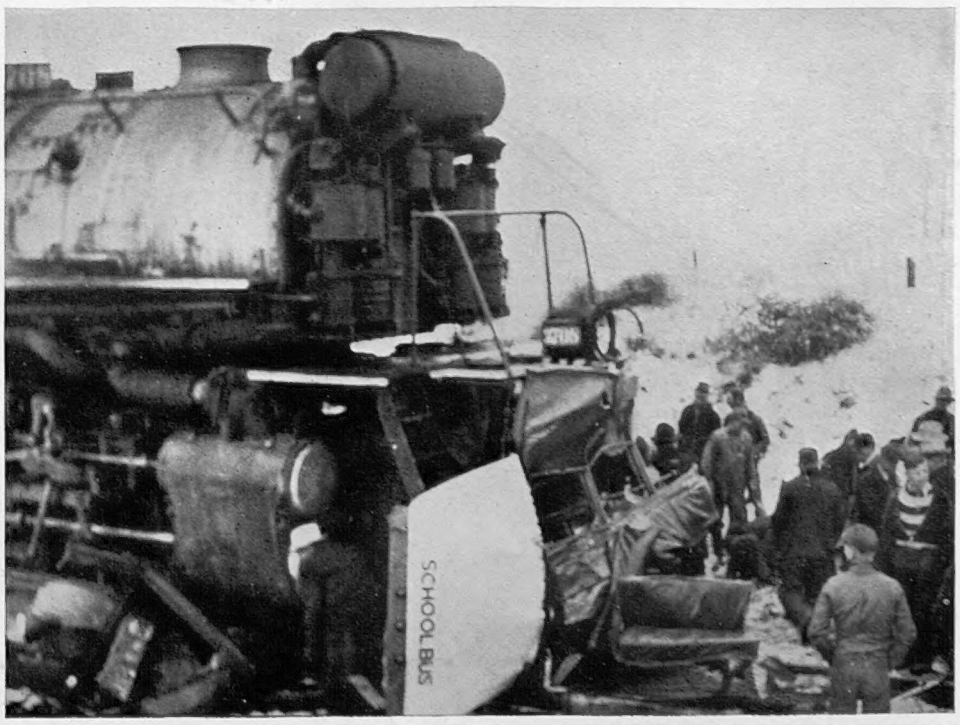


WHILE THE INCOMING TIDE POUNDED AGAINST THIS WRECKED AMERICAN AIR LINER after it had crashed near Point Reyes, California, a coastguard climbed down the cliff and entered the battered cabin to ascertain if any of the passengers were still alive. Five people were killed

GERMAN AIR LINER CRASH IN AFRICA: Eleven people, including two of the best-known commercial pilots in the Reich, were killed when this new four-engined machine of the Grosser Dessauer type crashed recently at Bathurst, Gambia, West Africa, when engaged on a test flight



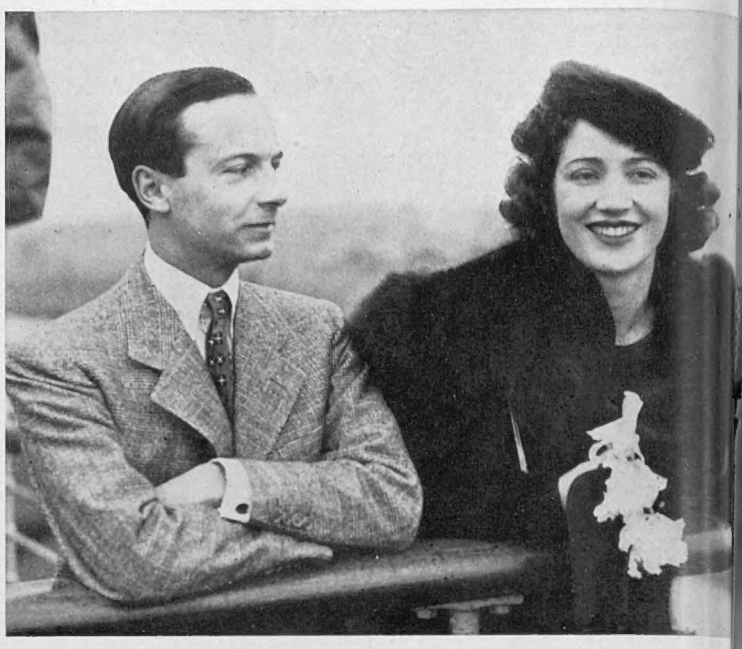
resident in the seaport marching through the city to voice their unswerving allegiance to France. Opinion has undoubtedly hardened throughout France on the subject, the people showing a determination to yield nothing and, indeed, to adopt a "come and get it" attitude towards the totalitarians



AMERICAN TRAGEDY: The engine of a freight train mingled with the wreckage of a school bus with which it collided at a level crossing near Midvale, Utah. The driver of the bus and twenty-two school-children were killed instantly while seventeen other children were injured, six of them seriously. The train was not able to pull up until it had gone a mile down the track from the scene of the crash. Level crossings are rapidly being done away with in the United States as it is being found that they are the indirect cause of a very large number of accidents

DECEMBER BRIDES

THE LILY BRIDE: Miss Renée Merandon du Plessis, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Merandon du Plessis, of 97, Bryanston Court, W., and Chamarel, Mauritius, was a striking figure in silver lamé as she arrived for her wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to the Hon. Edward Langton Iliffe, elder son of Lord and Lady Iliffe. They are honeymooning in America



Bridesmaids in Hoop Skirts

IN CHARITY'S NAME: Miss Althea Spicer Mills, who raffled a giant box of chocolates, watching the chef at work on the hot dog stand at the Merry Market held at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, to aid the funds of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond St. The Queen, the Princess Royal, who is president of the hospital, and the Duchess of Gloucester each sent gifts. There were nearly thirty stalls, all of them being well patronised

SNOW QUEEN OF KOBE AND KROONER OF KOBE: Two magnificent samoyeds with Miss Irene Perry at Olympia on their arrival for the seventy-seventh show of the Kennel Club. There was a total entry of 5,878 dogs, almost the same number as last year. Cocker spaniels, which for several years past have been very much to the fore, headed the list with just over 300 entries

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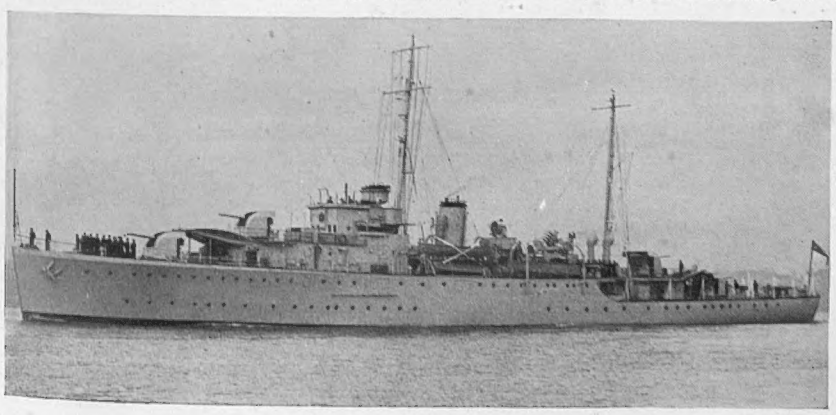


A NEW SUBMARINE MAKES HER BOW: An impression of the 1,100-ton *Trident* as she entered the waters of the Mersey after being launched from Messrs. Cammell Laird's Birkenhead yard, and (*inset at top*) a picture showing the whale-like formation of her bows. She belongs to the Triton class, which is officially described as a "patrol type." A return to smaller dimensions is the outstanding feature

A WELL-ARMED SURVEYING VESSEL: H.M.S. *Egret* (*left*), a sister ship to the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*, seen as she steamed out of Portsmouth to run her trials. Although her displacement is only 1,200 tons, she has four 4·7-in. guns. *On right*—The *Egret's* depth-charge equipment

b

THE ROOSEVELT SPELL

Lady Drummond Hay, Who Has Met and Talked With Many World Leaders, Declares that America's President Is the Most Magnetic of Them All

THE impending visit of Their Majesties the King-Emperor George VI and the Queen-Empress Elizabeth to the United States next June will be an historic event of extraordinary interest, also of importance, to the entire British Empire. Its significance is far greater than generally realised. Popular reactions in America, and the repercussions throughout the English-speaking world, must inevitably colour relations between Great Britain and the United States in coming years.

For the first time a reigning King of England will set foot in the former British American colonies, whose rebellion against George III and achievement of independence has influenced history and the free institutions of democracy in a degree second only to the French Revolution.

Naturally, from the viewpoint of Empire interest, the journey of the King and Queen of Canada to that truly wonderful Dominion of a free people in the British Commonwealth, which, after all, is the primary objective of the overseas voyage, is of even greater moment than the crossing of that 3,000-mile-long unfortified and undefended frontier for a brief stay in Washington and visit to the World's Fair in New York.

As prospective host and hostess of the White House, Washington, entertaining the first reigning King and Queen to accept hospitality there, much attention is being focused upon the personalities of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt and his wife, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

HOST TO KING GEORGE AND QUEEN ELIZABETH: The American President, who will have the distinction of entertaining Their Majesties at the White House during the visit to Washington next year

By

LADY DRUMMOND HAY

The national residence of the chief executive of the American Republic is modest in size compared to Buckingham Palace and other Royal or Imperial palaces in Europe. So "small," in fact, that there will be no room for more than the immediate personal attendants of Their Majesties. The Royal entourage will be accommodated outside. The White House has a very marked æsthetic beauty in the simplicity and nobility of its lines. There is something restful, too, in its setting. Considering that it is "Government House" in the land of skyscrapers, the contrast between this beautiful colonial mansion and the towering piles of steel and concrete is all the more startling, and I would say pleasing.

The Honourable Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of 130,000,000 people, the largest democracy on the globe if we exclude the British Commonwealth, has become one of the most outstanding statesmen in the world. Champion of a progressive and authoritative democracy, courageous, a frankly avowed opponent of the totalitarian system of absolute dictatorships, his name has become as well known as those of Hitler and Mussolini. Rich, yet the best friend of the poor of any President since Abraham Lincoln, Mr. Roosevelt is in a fair way to be enrolled in the annals of history as the greatest American President since that famous emancipator of the slaves.

Mr. Roosevelt cannot claim for his rise that romantic and favourite American story of "Office boy to President of the United States." He was born into a well-to-do family, and never has had to worry about money. An aristocrat in the American sense of the word, no American President has ever attempted to do so much for the proletariat and the man-in-the-street, thereby bringing down upon himself the condemnation and bitter enmity of his own class.

The President is of Dutch stock, both on the paternal as well as the maternal side, and can trace his lineage back to Clars Martensen van Rosevelt, who emigrated from Holland to New York in 1644. Rosevelt was the name of the village in Holland to which Martensen added his own. Later it became Roosevelt. He has also a strain of German, French, English, and Swedish blood.

His mother's ancestors, the Delanos, who migrated from Holland more than 250 years ago, boast among their numbers several generations of seafaring men. Perhaps that is why Mr. Roosevelt became Assistant Secretary of the United States Navy in 1918, and why he is to-day a Big Navy man. It may help to explain his love of ships, of yachting, and high-sea fishing holidays.

His great-grandfather on his father's side, Isaac Roosevelt, President of the Bank of New York during the American Revolution against George III, established the first sugar refinery. The Roosevelt wealth dates from that day.

The President's own father, James Roosevelt, was a country gentleman. Nearly thirty years older than his second wife, Sara Delano, Franklin was the only child of the union. The fact that the names Isaac and Sara appear in the Roosevelt genealogical tree has been used by fanatical anti-Semites as basis for assertions that the American President is of Jewish extraction. Mr. Roosevelt gives one of his inimitable humorous smiles when that is mentioned. He has a quick and keen sense of humour, and his ready wit will provide King George VI with many a laugh during Their Majesties' stay at the White House.

With a young and beautiful mother and a doting father more than twice her age, Franklin enjoyed a happy childhood such as is the lot of very few boys. Not until he was past fourteen did he exchange private tutors at home for a public school. He entered Harvard University at the age of eighteen.

The gods were more than generous; they were extravagantly partial or perhaps careless when they poured out talents and gifts upon Franklin D. Roosevelt. To riches and a life free from material cares and worries, they gave character, a brilliant mind, happy disposition, delightful manners, dynamic energy, a remarkable radio voice, and, as if all that were not enough, they added a personal magnetism and charm possessed by no other head of state. I would say that Mussolini comes nearer to Roosevelt in that latter respect than any of the many statesmen I know.

Surrounded by love since infancy, by understanding through adolescence, brought up by a lively young mother and a sensible elderly father, married to the girl of his heart at twenty-three, father of five children, risen to the high post of Assistant Secretary to the United States Navy at the comparatively early age of forty, fortune rebelled. Misfortune struck him down with infantile paralysis. From that day, twenty years ago, Franklin D. Roosevelt has been paralysed from the hips down, forced to spend most of his time in an invalid's wheeling chair. At his request, no cameraman ever takes a photograph of him except from the hips upward.

Such are the vagaries of fate. It was a blow that would test the character of any man, however strong. Most men, if struck down like that, would grow bitter. Not Roosevelt. He stood the test nobly. How he fought through those dark hours, interminable nights, days, weeks, months, only he, his devoted wife Eleanor and his God know. But when the struggle was over, when he became resigned to the realisation that he would never walk again, never ride again, there remained that marvellously cheery smile, the keen eyes so full of their former humour, the irrepressible optimism of spirit. In an invalid's wheeling chair he has twice been elected President of the United States, the last time by the largest majority ever given any President since George Washington.

When you sit and chat with him Franklin D. Roosevelt has the fascination of a hypnotist, but there is nothing sinister about that fascination. I know of no other man so frankly friendly, so full of fun. Yet in the fraction of a second he can be so extraordinarily serious, even stern.

The President radiates cheer, hope, optimism and strength as if he were a giant radium battery. It has been the experience of many tired men who have been received and talked with him for a quarter of an hour to go away completely rested.

Moderately rich, Franklin D. Roosevelt has been the friend of the poor man in America as no other President before him. That fact has been much distorted by the attacks and clamour against him by the rich class, who see in him their most dangerous enemy. They threw the challenge to him, and the man in the wheeling chair picked it up. On my lecture tour in America I heard invectives used against the President such as I have never heard in England against the Prime Minister. Not even from Hyde Park soap-box orators. They did not spare Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt either.

The first lady of the land is as extraordinary in some of her ways as is her President-husband in his. When she is at their private home in Hyde Park, she often goes shopping to the nearby city of Poughkeepsie like any other housewife. A special law makes the United States Secret Service responsible for the life and safety of American Presidents. Mrs. Roosevelt firmly declines to have any Secret Service guard.

She holds Press conferences with women journalists very much as does the President, but on subjects of interest to women—education, welfare of children, etc.

Where is there the wife of any other chief of state of a great power who writes a daily column entitled "My Day," which is printed by a large number of American newspapers? In chatty style Mrs. Roosevelt tells of her daily activities and reflective thoughts. She is highly paid for this daily column. All the proceeds are used by her in her welfare work.

What I particularly admire in the President's wife is her courage and her indifference to criticism when she is convinced that what she does is right. One instance of her courage and indifference to gossip was instanced when she gave a party at the White House to the inmates of a home for wayward girls, whom she invited to Washington.

President Roosevelt has realised what kings of finance, captains of industry and lords of big business do not want to understand—that in social security America is a quarter of a century behind England, Germany, Italy and even France. By various means and experiments, some of which may be a mistake, Mr. Roosevelt is endeavouring to bring his great nation abreast of the times in economics and social security. Among other things, he is putting to an end the ruthless practice of many American employers of throwing out employés of ten, fifteen, twenty and even twenty-five years' service, on to the streets with only two weeks' notice or wages.

But for two things, the concerted attack of a large part of American wealth on President Roosevelt might have so befogged the American people that the President might have been defeated at the last presidential election. They were his weekly conferences with the correspondents of the American Press in Washington, and his recourse of talking directly to the American people over the radio.

President Roosevelt is his own "Public Relations Director." He is the only head of state in the world who holds regular weekly or bi-weekly conferences direct with the Press. These conferences are sometimes as important as a Cabinet meeting. In Washington he receives the correspondents in the executive office. In his home in Hyde Park, north of New York City, in a room so small that some of the journalists have to stand in the doorway.

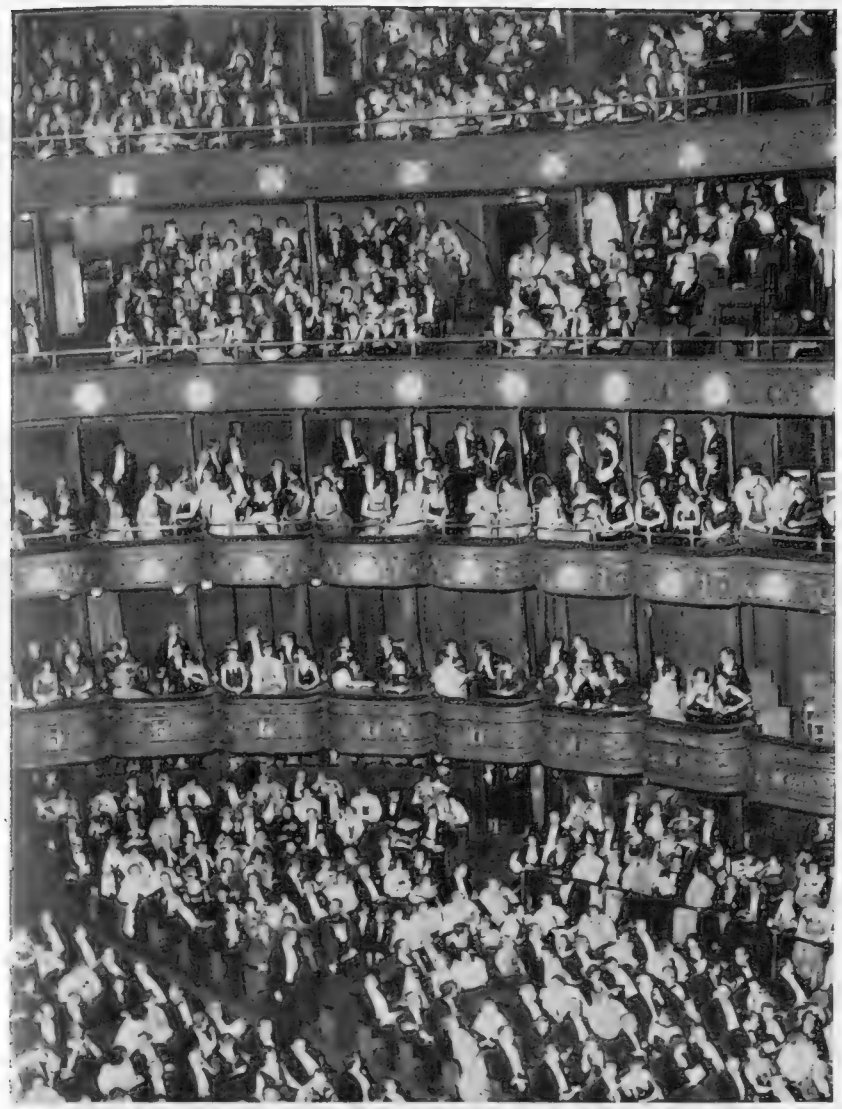
Can you imagine Hitler, Mussolini, or even our Prime Minister answering the questions of fifteen to thirty journalists on internal and foreign policies? The President often is very frank at these meetings. He himself indicates what may be printed, and what is solely for the information and guidance of the correspondents. There have been astonishingly few instances of violation or indiscretion. The White House correspondents themselves penalise such offenders by excluding them from attendance at any more meetings with the President, where he not only gives out information, but receives much information. Knowing many personally, calling them by their first names, Mr. Roosevelt also considers these meetings a check on his official channels. In these conferences the President may in turn be critical, commendatory, humorous or stern according to the subjects broached.

From what I saw and observed during my recent tour of the United States, I will hazard the prediction that Mr. Roosevelt will not be influenced to go against the tradition that Presidents of the United States should not serve more than two consecutive terms, that is, eight years. George Washington served two terms and refused a third. President Jefferson expressed himself against an extension of the eight years. President Ulysses Grant failed in his third effort. Unless some great national crisis or emergency such as war should arise, I do not think it likely that President Roosevelt will flout the precedent.

While George Washington is considered by Americans to be the "Father of the Country," Abraham Lincoln affectionately known as the "Great Emancipator," I am convinced that President Roosevelt's highest ambition is to go into history as America's "Great Reformer" or "Great Leader."

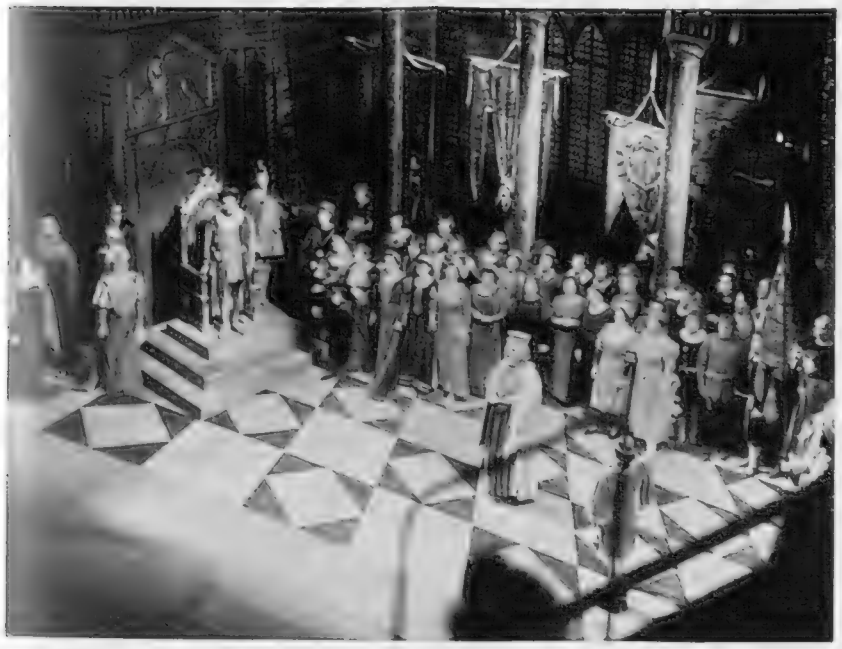
AMERICANA

Start of the Opera Season in New York—A Roosevelt and a Coolidge Make Their Bow in Society—Beauty Parades



SOCIETY FILLS THE GOLDEN HORSESHOE: This was the animated scene in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, as a large audience assembled for the opening of the annual subscription season—quite one of the most brilliant functions in the city's social calendar. The first production was Verdi's tragedy, *Otello*

NAMES WITH A PRESIDENTIAL RING: Miss Eleanor Roosevelt (left), niece of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Miss Natalie Coolidge seen together at their party at the Brookline Country Club, Massachusetts, when they made their joint debut. A party for Miss Roosevelt is also to be given at the White House



THE MOOR RECEIVES THE HERALD FROM VENICE: A picture taken in the Metropolitan Opera House during Act III of Verdi's *Otello* on the opening night of the 1938-39 season of grand opera, which was given a fine send-off by the capacity audience

On left—
THE THRONGED FOYER OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE as New York society folk crowded in to take their seats on the opening night of the season

CALIFORNIAN YOUTH "STRUTS ITS STUFF": Beauties, chosen from more than 2,000 co-eds of Pasadena Junior College, taking part in one of the several eliminating rounds of a contest held in order to find the Queen of the Tournament of Roses. The winner will preside at Pasadena's New Year's Day festival

CATALONIA M

Activity in the Government A

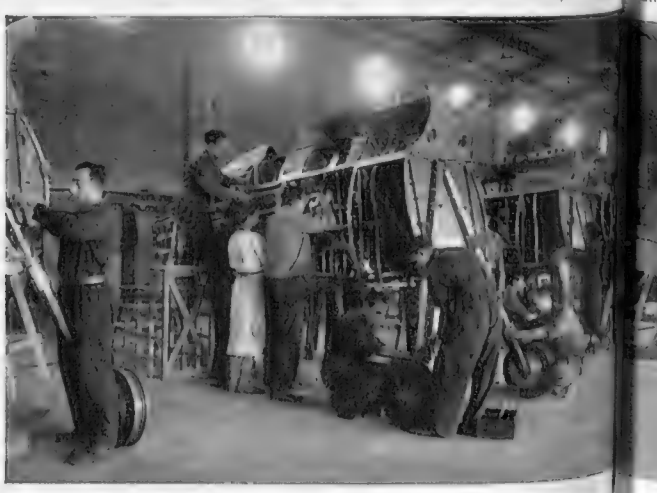
In View of the Approaching W
Might be Described by the Borro

SHELL CASES IN THE MAKING: A man at work on his lathe in one of Catalonia's eight munition factories which are now operating at high pressure to keep the Spanish Government troops supplied. It is a strange reflection that while Catalonia is slowly building up an adequate arms reserve she is facing a terrible winter of food shortage

THEY WORK IN DAY AND NIGHT SHIFT
Shell production in progress in a Ca
lonian munition factory where month

SMALL ARMS MANUFACTURE in another Government factory. *Above*—Making cartridges, and (*below*) rifles in course of production. Before the present war Spain had no armament industry of any consequence and it is quite remarkable to what a pitch of efficiency it has been brought

UNDER THE GLARE OF GREAT LAMPS men and women w
on the assembly of fighter planes. These three pictures
the first to have been taken in a Catalonian aeroplane w



KES HER OWN GUNS

Factories where Work goes on Day and Night

Food Shortage in Government Spain, the Situation Phrase of "Guns Before Butter," but with a Difference

month out work never stops for an instant. The factories are de-centralised so that if one is seriously damaged by bombing the others can still carry on without undue inconvenience

ALMOST READY FOR THE FRAY: Mechanics making final adjustments to the sights and other apparatus on a battery of field guns destined for use on the Ebro front where for months past the Government troops have put up an astonishing resistance in the face of desperate insurgent assaults

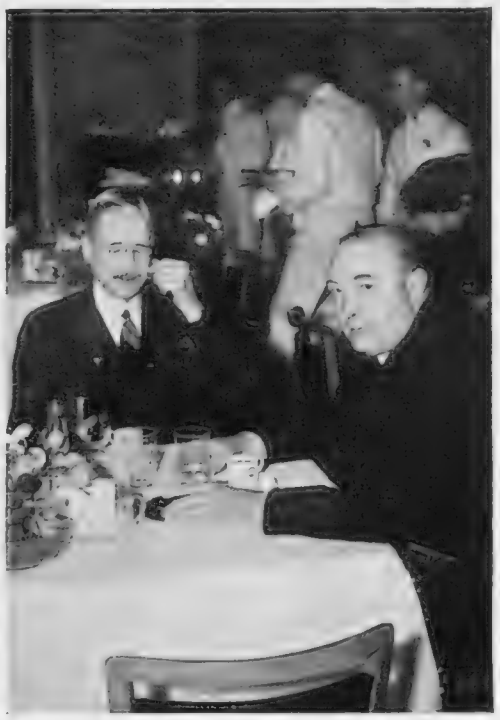
since the civil war broke out. Just as with munitions, production is de-centralised, the various parts being manufactured in different works and then brought together for assembly

A BATCH OF COMPLETED SHELLS ready for dispatch, and (*below*) women engaged in mixing high explosive, a task requiring some skill as the various ingredients have to be weighed out in very exact quantities. Most of the arms workers are women or else men passed as physically unfit to fight

A STATE EXECUTIVE STEPS OUT: Mr. Stevens, who has been Premier of New South Wales for close on ten years, pictured with his wife as they arrived to attend an official function in Sydney. Mr. Stevens succeeded the Communistically-inclined Mr. Lang and has helped notably in guiding his state out of the big depression

VICEREGAL: His Excellency Lord Wakehurst, Governor of New South Wales since 1937, and Lady Wakehurst receiving guests at a garden party given in the grounds of Government House, Sydney

A NOTABLE TRIO: Dr. George W. Swift, of Seattle, U.S.A., Sir Hugh Devine, Stewart Lecturer in Surgery at Melbourne University, and Dr. H. L. Updegraff, of Hollywood, pictured together at the 11th Annual Meeting of the Royal Australian College of Surgeons



PILLARS OF THE ART WORLD: Sir John Longstaff, noted Australian artist and trustee of the Melbourne National Gallery, dining with Mr. Ure-Smith, O.B.E., the Commonwealth's foremost art critic. Sir John has often exhibited in Europe

THE INFORMAL TOUCH: His Excellency Lord Wakehurst, Governor of New South Wales, taking a glass of beer in company with some of the guests at a civic luncheon given in Sydney Town Hall

LORD OF VAST ACRES: Mr. R. H. Munro, a prominent sheep-breeder in New South Wales, seen during a visit to Sydney for the sales. *On left*—Speed-boating is a favourite sport of Brisbane folk, especially in the heat of Queensland's summer

AUSTRALIA JEWISH

The Commonwealth's Generc Open Her Doors To Filte

CONSIDERING the attitude of most Au tralians towards anything suggesting unc trolled migration, especially non-British, it undoubtedly significant that the Commonweal should have thrown open its doors to 15,0 refugees from Nazi Germany. It is as generou a gesture as any country in the world has far made.

Behind a defence line of tariff and arm force, the might of Britain supplemented propo tionately by the Australian Defence Force, a ne type of social order has been partially created this dominion. A great deal of it is admirabl especially the balanced distribution of wealth, t high standard of living, the freedom of oppo tunity. Having achieved so much by restricti migration, having gone so far along the selec road to national ideal through virtue of a coun well supplied with resources, Australia as a wh has not yet awakened to the fragility of the s which has so far permitted her peculiar expansi

To-day, however, one sees increasing anxie especially on the part of the Commonwea Government, about continuity of national exi ence. That the remoter portions of the Emp might some day be faced with the problem defending themselves very largely with their o forces is vitally appreciated down under, for latest defence expenditure estimate for the three years has just been increased by £19,000, to £63,000,000. A fearsome additional load less than 7,000,000 people to carry, a people wh interest in their country has normally been beat its own internal wildness, not attack fr the outside, if any.

This realisation of the new world problem m have started to filter into the least-inform sections of the continent. How else can explain the complete *volte face* of the Lab Party in permitting the Prime Minister to adm in each of the next three years, 5,000 Euro refugees? Propounding their gospel that w an Australian is unemployed it is not politic admit anyone to aggravate the situation, have opposed migration in order to hold votes of their constituents. And thus keep th selves in power, and in some instances to pro for their family bread and butter.

Keen to maintain themselves 98 per c British, they have scowled particularly on British arrivals, partly through lack of fe feeling, partly for fear of damage to the stand of living, that delightful infant they nourish carefully. Above all, the type of person who not be successful on the land, who may swell ranks of the unemployed, who may compete the nicely entrenched middlemen, has never been encouraged to enter the Commonwealth.

Group settlement schemes have been favoured for their non-competitive virtues, but never before have Australians, with their curious ideas of what constituted a satisfactory yearly migration rate, dreamed of throwing open the door so widely as is now contemplated.

One cannot help feeling that the general sympathy of Labour for the plight of Jewry—an expression of anti-Nazism—must have stifled the outcry that Australian Labour would otherwise have made. This attitude to Europe's troubles must also be shared by the middlemen with whom inevitably the Jewish arrivals will compete. Manufacturers must also feel this way.

Only a few months ago I tried to have admitted from Vienna what seemed to be a really worthy case—and was told that families who

A TARGET BOAT FOR
being craned fro
from Southamp
shipped

WELCOMES EXILES

Gesture In Agreeing To Throw Thousand Refugees from Europe

By MICHAEL TERRY

wanted to set up small stocking and clothing manufacturing concerns would not be well received. Established producers would resent competition; feeling, one supposes, they can cater satisfactorily for domestic markets.

Now all sections of the community stretch forth their hands to potential competitors; the spectacle of human suffering has made them forget their prejudices.

A curious position may develop out of this migration. Recently, by far the greatest number to arrive have been Italians and southern Europeans. Many of them used to be political refugees from Fascism, but to-day, notably since the conquest of Abyssinia, the Italians in Australia are proud of Mussolini, some a little too evidently.

Through the services of the Fascist-subsidised Lloyd Triestino boats, they continue to arrive more plentifully than any other nationality; at a monthly rate of about 350. Jews are to be admitted at a similar rate, with the result that blackshirts and blackshirt-haters will enter the Australian arena far more rapidly than enervated democrats from Britain whose desire to seek pastures new seems dead to-day.

Will the totalitarians and the refugees avoid each other in a sort of blind man's buff? Will they tend to divide Australia into two non-democratic camps, having rallied to their sides the sympathies they have drilled? Or will they dissolve in the clear waters of tolerance and become loyal Australians? It will be an interesting development to watch.

The number of Jews in Australia at the moment is about 30,000, say one to every 230 Christian Australians. This may explain why Australians are not Hebrew-conscious, the proportion being low. Also, the leaders in industry, journalism, primary production are less commonly Semites than they are, allegedly, this side of the world. I remember little antipathy indeed to the Hebrew, socially or commercially. I have some very good friends among them and cannot recollect that care was necessary in mixing them with Christians.

Despite the example of Palestine, as one might expect, they do not feature on the land, working sheep, cattle, mines. I can remember a fellow at Marree who, having been years in the far north, had retired to keep an hotel. He looked a typical Hebrew but he denied that origin. All the same, he was popularly believed to be the only Jewish stockman in the Commonwealth. The Australian Jews concern themselves with soft goods, warehouses, cinemas, and cheap multi-departmental stores. But they cause little if any friction, being good citizens. Many have contributed importantly to Australian development, notably the late General Monash of the A.I.F.

Although landing money restrictions will not be relaxed on account of the 15,000, one feels that the desperate straits of those who will be permitted to land will influence them to adopt Australian standards quickly, to pick up fluent speech, to be amenable to the different laws of the Commonwealth. Thus will they reward those whose high-walled garden they are permitted to enter, at length perhaps to help defend it against coloured aggression.

THEIR MORNING ROUND COMPLETED: Girl golfers standing on the veranda of the club-house to watch their fellow competitors return. A picture taken at Sorrento Victoria, the popular seaside resort lying some 50 miles from Melbourne

SYDNEY SOCIALITES: Joan and Lorraine See in the garden of their home at Elizabeth Bay, a suburb beautifully placed on the shores of Sydney Harbour. It is one of the city's most popular residential areas

SHOW RING QUARTETTE: Australian girls are known as first-rate riders; but this is only to be expected, for many of them are born and bred to the saddle in this land where the horse still remains a vital factor in the national economy

USTRALIAN AIR FORCE ter before transportation ndon. It has, now been mmonwealth

GARDEN-PARTY CAMEO: Miss Pamela Armstrong, granddaughter of the late Dame Nellie Melba, pictured at a Government House garden-party in Melbourne. Her famed grandmother lived at nearby Lilydale

IN HIS CAPACITY AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE AUSTRALIAN MILITARY FORCES, Lord Gowrie (centre), the Governor General, recently visited the Newcastle district of New South Wales and watched the progress of the coastal defence manœuvres

KEEPING the FLAG FLYING in CZECHOSLOVAKIA

The Czechs are Realists and, on the New and Restricted Basis, they are by Will and Courage Setting About the Task of Building the Republic Anew

BY C. F. MELVILLE

WITH their characteristic fortitude the Czechs are hard at work rebuilding their country from the wreckage of the Munich and Vienna Agreements.

The new frontiers meant the cutting of railway communications. The Czechs have faced up to this problem. They have labour corps at work building new roads—roads which will rival Germany's famous new motor highways—which will be utilised largely for motor coach services. At a later stage, new railway lines will be constructed. In the meantime, arrangements have been made between the Czech and German Governments whereby the difficulties of the cut railway lines are reduced as far as possible. Czech main line trains traversing the republic, and which have to cross German territory several times, are run straight through the German enclaves without stopping, and therefore without Customs or monetary examination. Likewise, German trains running from Vienna to Breslau pass through Czech territory without Customs control.

The difficulty in reorganising Czechoslovakia's general industrial and agricultural economy is not to be minimised, but the Czechs are hard at it, and, within the limitations of the new situation, they will succeed.

The severity of the Vienna arbitral award as regards Slovakia and Ruthenia has probably been an even greater blow to the republic than the Munich settlement of Germany's claims. As a witty foreign observer put it recently, "one may hate the Eagle, but one despises the Vulture." The Vienna award gives to Hungary most of the fertile plain of Ruthenia, and part of that of Slovakia. But the Slovak towns of Nitra and Bratislava, claimed by Hungary, remain in Czechoslovakia. The Hungarian claims to these towns were successfully opposed by the Germans.

At the time of writing, the new Constitution, legalising the autonomy of Slovakia and Ruthenia (now called Carpatho-Ukrainia), is being drafted. The Slovaks have demanded what amounts to "Slovakia for the Slovaks" in practically all matters other than foreign policy and defence, which must necessarily remain in the hands of the Central Government of Prague.

UNDER THE VIENNA ARBITRAL AWARD the areas of Slovakia and Ruthenia, which are shown shaded in this sketch map, have been handed over to Hungary, their loss constituting a possibly even greater economic blow to Czechoslovakia than the loss of Sudetenland. C. F. Melville describes the reason for this in the accompanying article

Slovakia.—In Slovakia a sort of Catholic quasi-Fascism exists, complete with a political para-military formation of young men known as the "Hlinka Guards." These take their name from the old autonomist or Popularist Clerical Party of the late Fr. Hlinka. This party, and all the other Slovak parties of the Right, have now been merged into one party under Fr. Tiso, the present Slovak Premier. The parties of the Left in Slovakia have been suppressed.

At the time of the events which followed the Munich Agreement, the Slovak autonomists took charge and formed themselves into the first Slovak autonomous government, although numerically they were smaller than the other Slovak parties (which co-operated with the Czechs). Primarily this was due to the fact that at the moment when federation was in the air as the result of Munich, the Slovak autonomists, having a cut-and-dried federal programme, were able to assume the direction of affairs. Yet another instance of how a determined minority can obtain power at critical moments rather than a less determined majority.

It cannot be denied that the Slovak autonomists have been somewhat overdoing things. They evidently want to eat their cake and have it. They do not want to go back to Hungary. They wish to remain under Czechoslovakia. At the same time, Slovakia not being able to be completely self-supporting, the Central Czech Government will have to continue to contribute something towards the financial upkeep of the Slovak province. The Slovaks apparently want this financial help, but are reluctant to recognise that the Czechs, if they have got to continue to pay towards the upkeep of Slovakia, naturally want some kind of say in her affairs.

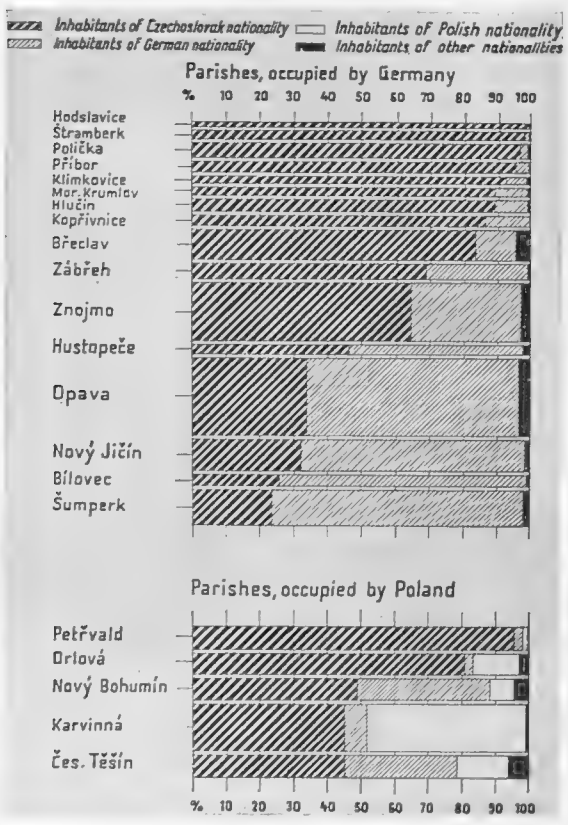
It is, therefore, very much to be hoped that Dr. Milan Hodja, who until recently was Czecho-slovak Premier, and is himself a Slovak, will re-emerge from his present retirement and use his moderating influence in Slovakia. Dr. Hodja pre-eminently stands for Czech-Slovak co-operation at home, and general Danubian co-operation externally. Fr. Tiso, the present Slovak Premier, is both an able and original man, but there are elements in his party who are hot-headed, and undemocratic.

A RICH DOWRY: A sketch map showing the six divisions of the Teschen area which Czecho-slovakia was compelled to cede to Poland. This area is far larger than that originally demanded; a fact which has caused much bitterness

Ruthenia.—The Vienna award on Ruthenia, however, strikes a very bad blow at Czechoslovakia, inasmuch as the capital, Uzhorod, has been given to the Hungarians. Uzhorod, with a population of 12,000, mainly Ruthene, had been the recipient of much expenditure and improvement under the Czecho-slovak regime. In pre-war Hungary, where the system was almost medieval, the Ruthenes had been neglected even more than the Slovaks, and had sunk to a very low economic and cultural level. Under the Prague administration after the war, millions of pounds had been sunk in public works, hospitals, and schools in Ruthenia. The advantage of these improvements now goes to Hungary. The new capital, Hust, is virtually a glorified village.

Especial bitterness is felt in Czecho-slovakia regarding the way the Poles took much more territory than their original claim to Teschen implied. So that the position now is that the Poles, in claiming territory inhabited by 80,000 Poles, have actually taken territory including 140,000 Czechs.

(*Continued on page 490*)



FIGURES THAT SPEAK VOLUMES: This diagram, emanating from a Czechoslovakian source, indicates, on a percentage basis, the number of Czechs, Germans, and Poles living in some of the more important areas recently ceded by Czechoslovakia. Hodslavice, it will be noted, is 100 per cent. Czech but is now part of the Reich, its citizens having to accept the Nazi creed

CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S UNEMPLOYED ARE NOW PUT TO WORK ON THE ROADS, being organised for the purpose into Government camps in the same manner as they are in Germany and Italy. One of their big tasks will be to help build the great new highway which will cut across the republic from north to south in order to link Breslau with Vienna. The actual strip of earth is being purchased by Germany but will be available to Czech traffic

A SHOW PLACE OF FRANCE: The old inn at Pérouges, the walled village near Lyons, which, in view of the fact that it is an almost perfect medieval survival, is now being restored

Restoring OLD PÉROUGES

A Magnificent Medieval Survival

THE walled town of Pérouges, about 20 miles from Lyons in France, has been saved from destruction. This is an almost perfect survival from the middle ages, but is little known except to archæologists.

The town stands on a hill about 300 yards high in the valley of the Ain. From its walls can be seen the Juras and the Alps. The little town, now almost abandoned by its inhabitants, of whom only about seventy remain, contains gems of Renaissance architecture. It was threatened by demolition under a slum clearance campaign, and the houses were without doubt insanitary and in many cases in ruinous condition. When only a quarter had been pulled down the remainder were saved owing to the efforts of M. Edouard Herriot, one of France's most public-spirited men, and by others who formed a Committee of Defence.

The Ministry of Fine Arts also came to the rescue and not only gave financial assistance, but classified the majority of the surviving buildings, including the church, which was also a fortress, and the twelfth-century hostelry, as historical monuments. A wise restoration scheme is now in progress and so this attractive survival of the middle ages has now been permanently preserved.

In few other places on the Continent is the Renaissance atmosphere so completely unspoiled. Pérouges, in its layout and its buildings, is completely medieval. True, there is a small hotel, containing thirteen bedrooms with running water, but the old inn, built in the thirteenth century, has been skilfully preserved inside and out and everything, furniture, clocks, tables, dressers, plates, flagons of wine, is either antique or an exact reproduction.

Another reason why Pérouges has a peculiar charm is because it is so tiny. Well away from the main road, surrounded by vineyards and gardens amid the circuit of walls, is a collection of 155 buildings, the majority of which date from the days when Pérouges was under the Dukes of Savoy.

All who have been privileged to pay a visit to Pérouges will be thankful that this relic of old France has been saved from demolition and will wish all success to the committee in their efforts to carry on the work of further restoration in the future.

B. S. Townroe

On right—THE RUE DES RONDES: A quaint cobbled street in Pérouges. Most of its 155 buildings date from the days when the town was under the Dukes of Savoy

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Now mist marches on the mountains,
Mellowing the harsh December morns,
And floating eerily through the vales
Descends on pasture, plough, and dewy lawns

A LAKELAND DAWN: The rugged outlines of a peak half-shrouded by the early morning mist which, at the same time, serves to silhouette the young ash tree in the foreground. *On right*—Looking across Crummoch Water to the mist-cloaked Cumberland fells

HUNTING IN THE ESSEX LOWLANDS

Pictures by Douglas Went

The pack attempting to pick up the scent on a misty morning in the Essex lowlands. A picture taken just as the sun broke through, making the dew-sodden grass and undergrowth sparkle with reflected light

"SUNLIGHT IN WINTER"

One of the magnificent landscapes by the late Alexander Jamieson included in the memorial exhibition of his work which opened at the Royal Institute Galleries on December 14 and will continue until the end of this month

During his not over-long career Alexander Jamieson never received the wide recognition that many deemed was his due and for this reason the memorial exhibition of his work, now taking place at the Royal Institute Galleries, is much to be welcomed

"SUNDAY IN ROTTERDAM"

This impression of a stormy day in Rotterdam, with clouds scudding overhead and the wind breaking up the surface of the waters, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1936 and is undoubtedly a first-rate example of Alexander Jamieson's work at a time when his powers were at the height of their maturity

"THE OLD MOAT"

THE ART OF ALEXANDER JAMIESON:

A Brilliant Impressionistic Landscape Painter Posthumously Honoured

Alexander Jamieson's "The Mill-pond, Weston-Turville" represents this artist's landscape work at its best and, though rather more pronounced in colour, has much in common with the art of Constable

A Buckinghamshire landscape painted in the vicinity of Weston-Turville where Jamieson lived and, in the opinion of his admirers, did much of his best work. It evidences, in particular, the lightness and airiness of his touch

SIR JOHN LAVERY'S HIGH OPINION OF JAMIESON

One of Jamieson's most ardent admirers is Sir John Lavery, who says of him:—

"He was a great landscape painter: perhaps one of the greatest of our time. *Whistler said of Velasquez that 'he dipped his brush in light and air.' No truer description of the work of Jamieson could be given. Not alone was he a landscape painter, but no living artist that I know had a more profound knowledge of the mystery of art than he had. Many a time during the last twenty years I have been indebted to him for his wonderful perception and clear judgment, his keen sense of colour, composition, and tone, which enabled him to convey suggestions to me in the simplest language when looking at my work."*

Jamieson was born in Glasgow in 1873, the son of Alexander Lorimer Jamieson. He received his artistic education at the Glasgow Haldane School of Art, where he won a travelling scholarship, and afterwards in Paris, where he quickly made a reputation with a series of paintings of French harbours, towns and gardens in the style of broad impressionism associated with the so-called "Glasgow School," but which in fact owes rather more to Constable than to Monet. The works of Jamieson, particularly the Buckinghamshire landscapes painted in the neighbourhood of Weston-Turville, where he lived, and which represent him at his best, are strongly reminiscent of Constable or more probably of the French painters influenced by him; though more pronounced in colour. A typical example is "The Mill-pond, Weston-Turville," which was in the 1937 Exhibition of the Royal Academy, to which he was a regular exhibitor. Representative works by him are in the public galleries of Leeds, Bradford, Sheffield, and Indianapolis, U.S.A.

REMINISCENT OF CONSTABLE

"THE RIVER WYE": A landscape from the Welsh marches by Alexander Jamieson

ROUND THE GALLERIES

A Survey of Current Exhibitions of Contemporary Art

WHEN OLIVER MESSEL WAS ONLY NINETEEN he painted this picture of "Nanna," his mother's old nurse, and it is now on view at the Leicester Galleries, where he is holding an exhibition of portraits and landscapes

PENETRATING PORTRAITURE: The head of a negro (*left*), and Angus Menzies (*right*). Two striking studies by Oliver Messel in his one-man show at the Leicester Galleries. Mr. Messel is at present better known as a stage designer, but he is clearly a portraitist of real merit

AT the Leicester Galleries Oliver Messel is holding his first exhibition of paintings. Although previously his principal works have been designs for the stage and ballet, he has succeeded in exhibiting a comprehensive and interesting collection of portraits in oils, wash, monochrome and pencil, the earliest of which is an oil painting of his mother's old nurse, executed when he was only nineteen.

Mr. Messel, who is a grandson of Linley Sambourne, the famous *Punch* cartoonist and illustrator of *The Water Babies*, started life with the intention of becoming a painter, and studied at the Slade School; later he worked for a time in the late Glyn Philpot's studio. An exhibition of masks, which he made entirely as a hobby, attracted Mr. C. B. Cochran's attention, who commissioned stage designs from him. In spite of the endless work which his success as a designer for the stage has brought him, he has never given up serious painting, sometimes working day and night to finish both a stage commission and a painting. The blue wash drawings with white chalk highlights are particularly arresting and unusual, and the painting of Merle Oberon as Pepita in the film *Don Juan* is a truly lovely work in grey-blue with the faintest possible flesh-tints. Among the other beauties whose portraits are included are Mrs. Jack Wilson (Princess Natalie Paley), the wife of Mr. Noel Coward's partner, Mrs. Gerard D'Erlanger (Miss Edyth Baker, the pianist), Lady Clark-Kerr, wife of the new Ambassador to China, Princess Kapurtala, Lady Daphne Straight, Lady Elizabeth Paget, Miss Tilly Losch, whose face is portrayed at four different angles on one canvas, and Lady Rosse, Mr. Messel's sister. Lady Rosse appears in a ravishing eighteenth-century costume designed by her brother.

In contrast to these portraits Mr. Messel's treatment of scenes from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* has a very ethereal and elusive quality excellently suited to the subject.

* * *

"THE EMPTY STREET": A picture by John Armstrong, of surrealistic renown, in his exhibition at the Lefevre Galleries

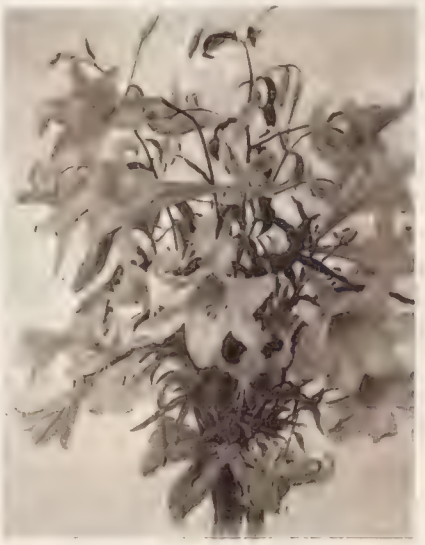
John Armstrong.—At the Lefevre Galleries John Armstrong, of surrealistic fame, is holding an interesting exhibition in which he shows two entirely different types of work. One depicts very competently painted but fantastic effigies, which invite the observer to drift into a peculiarly exciting and spacious dreamland inhabited by articulated forms which possess solidly classical heads.

The other, a series of decorative panels adorned with Graeco-Egyptian animals, is singularly pleasing in composition and colour, which combine a very excellent blending of archaic decoration and modern design.

In the former style of technique the artist has also painted several clever pictures of architectural distinction and desolation, undoubtedly a subject all too familiar in these days of wholesale London demolitions and the ravages of wars in other countries.

One of his most pleasing pictures is "The Empty Street," with its massive Egyptian buildings and a wind whisking scraps of torn paper in a flurry against the wall. Though the sky is a cloudless blue, one can almost feel the storm that approaches.

Ernest Thesiger, who is better known to most of us as an actor, shows some charming water-colour portraits of flowers at the Fine Art Society's Galleries in Bond Street. His thoughtful and accurate examples of flower life give one the impression of eighteenth-century botanical paintings. A desire to record minute detail and an obvious appreciation of nature in its lovelier moods strike a quiet but harmonious note after the restless vitality and discord to be found in the works of the majority of artists of to-day. For although the latter are more in keeping with modern life, they are oftentimes disturbing to contemplate.



A FLORAL STUDY by Ernest Thesiger, who is exhibiting a series of water colours at the Fine Art Society's Galleries

* * *

Allan Gwynne-Jones shows undeniable versatility in his collection of paintings at the Wildenstein Galleries in Bond Street.

Examples of portraits, including an excellent self-portrait, still-life groups, flower paintings, architectural views and landscapes, appear on his canvases, all treated with equal competence and apparent lack of favouritism for any one subject. His paintings with still water in the foreground are particularly happy, especially No. 16—"Briare-sur-Loire." In his largest work, depicting a fair at night, he has with some skill captured the sparkling and gaudy unreality of flares, crude colour, shining brass, and the excitement and movement so typical of the fairground after dark. One can almost hear the raucous blare of the roundabout and the laughter and shouting that traditionally accompany such scenes.

I. B.

"A FAIR AT NIGHT": A lively study by Allan Gwynne-Jones, who is giving an exhibition of his work at Wildenstein's in Bond Street. He conjures up with no little skill the sparkling and gaudy unreality of the fairground after dark. One can almost hear the raucous blare of the roundabout and the laughter and the shouting that traditionally accompany such scenes

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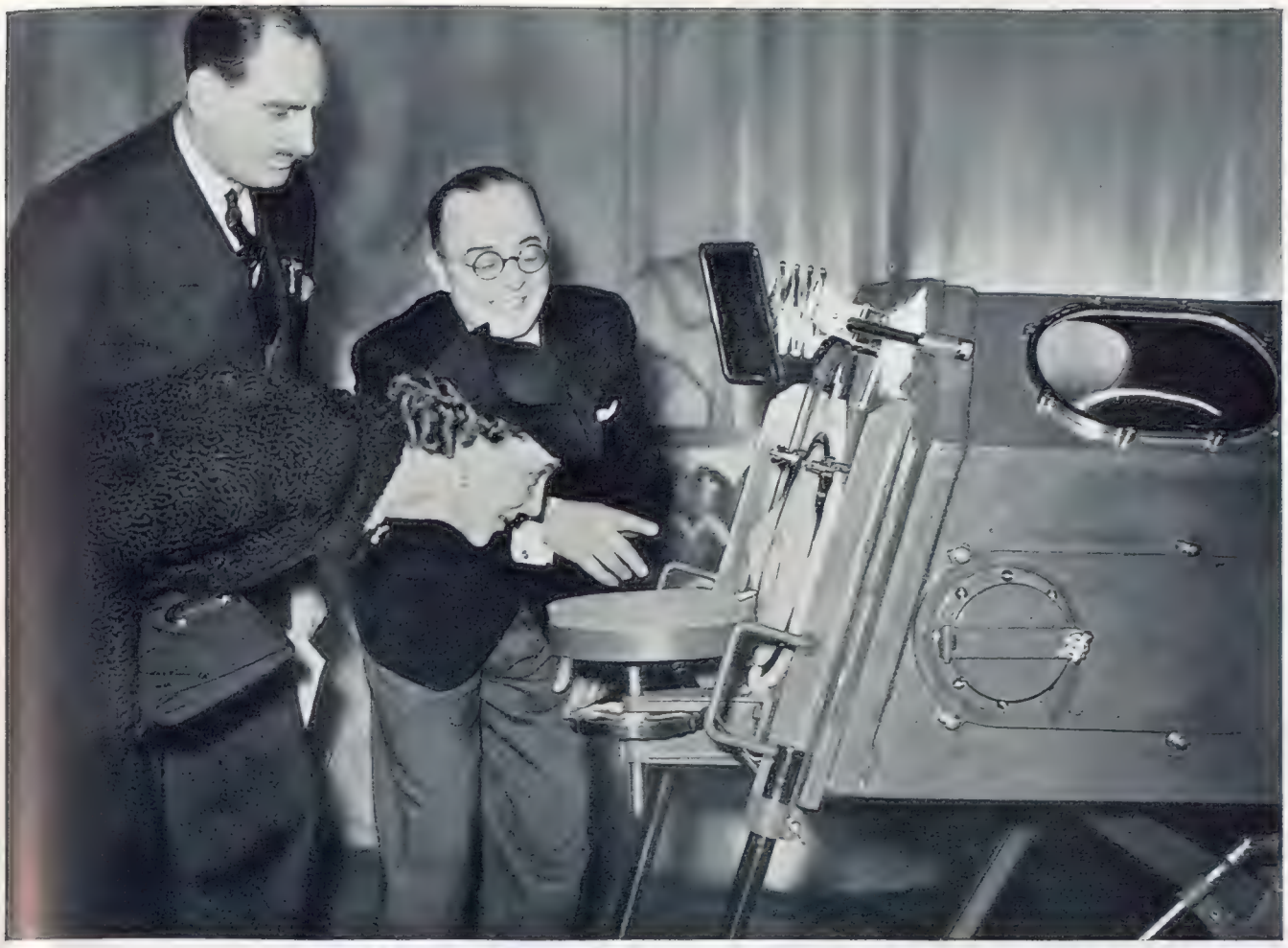
SOCIAL and PERSONAL

The Duchess of Kent at the Gaiety : Mrs. Chamberlain Receives : A Mansion House Party



THE DUCHESS AND THE JESTER :

On left—The Duchess of Kent, with Leslie Henson standing beside her, looking into the iron lung which she received, together with a cheque for 1,000 guineas, on behalf of the voluntary hospitals of the country. The donation was made by the Loyal Society of Dartsmen following an all-star cabaret arranged by Mr. Henson at the Gaiety Theatre. Among the artists who appeared for the occasion were Hermione Baddeley, Henry Cotton, who gave a golfing lesson, Fred Emney, Roy Royston, Dorothy Dickson, and Richard Hearne

HANDSHAKES BY THE THOUSAND :

On right—Mrs. Chamberlain receiving guests at the Metropolitan Area Conservative Christmas Party held at the Empress Hall, Earls Court. How many hands she shook is a moot point. One national newspaper said 2,000, another said 7,000, but the fact remains she had a very busy evening being charming to voters from all parts of the metropolis

LAMBETH WALKERS AT THE MANSION HOUSE:

On left—This was the scene in the Mansion House last week when the guests danced the Lambeth Walk at a ball given by the Lord Mayor in honour of his grandson, Mr. Ray Johnsen

A FAIR NEWCOMER :

On right—This is Inga Andersen, the Danish-Canadian actress, who recently returned from America to take part in Ciro's cabaret. When she was first in England she appeared in Drury Lane and Gaiety shows and afterwards went into variety

FROM YOUTH TO MIDDLE AGE: These four portraits of Edgar Wallace, perhaps the most prolific journalist of modern times, are included in Margaret Lane's biography of Wallace, which has just been published by Heinemann. *Left*—On this picture, taken just before he left for South Africa to join the *Rand Daily Mail*, Wallace wrote a line from a chorus in *Floradora*, "and all I say is in the *Daily Mail* next day." *Left centre*—Wallace during his Johannesburg editorship. *Right centre*—As a correspondent during the Boer War, when his vivid dispatches caused questions to be asked in the House. *Right*—At work in his study at Bourne End

THE GREAT REPORTER

The Biography of Edgar Wallace Written by His Journalist Daughter-in-Law, Margaret Lane: The Dramatic Story of a Phenomenal Career

EDGAR WALLACE was undoubtedly a remarkable man with an astonishing career. What is even more remarkable is that seven years after his death he should continue to be astonishing. That his biography, written by a daughter-in-law, should at this date be hailed as a literary event of the first importance and enjoy an enormous success would have amazed him.

Certainly Edgar Wallace never cherished any illusions concerning the survival value of his work. He was shy in the company of those he looked upon as "real" writers. He never regarded himself as part of the literary scene. It could never occur to him that he was anything else but a journalist or that anything he wrote was worth more than the ephemeral acclaim due to a skilled reporter. He always called himself a reporter. He was proud of it.

In the theatre he wrote only as he knew how; topically and for the moment. He had no notions about great playwriting. He spread his gifts for fast descriptive action and character drawing across the West End stage in much the same mood in which he would write a newspaper feature article.

He had a natural flair for both, but at any suggestion that he was a great playwright he would have laughed as heartily as, in a box at Wyndham's, he would laugh at Gordon Harker putting over one of his own jokes.

He threw off thrillers at an enormous rate until "this week's Wallace" became a national joke. He wore down secretaries and wore out dictaphones (yet he wrote his plays in his own hand) and when asked by the inevitably inquisitive lady how he managed it all he was heard to reply "Well, you see, I've got nothing else to do."

And still, seven years after his death, the works of this reporter are being sold by the million all over the world, the plays of this amateur are being performed up and down the country, new plays, new films are being adapted from his stories, and the slogan of his lifetime still holds good: "It is impossible not to be thrilled by Edgar Wallace."

Aptly Miss Margaret Lane calls her book EDGAR WALLACE (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) "the biography of a phenomenon." Edgar would have been proud of his son's wife, for he before anyone would have recognised the thoroughness with which she has followed up every thread of a none too easy story, has tracked down details which even he must have forgotten, and with a paucity of records at her disposal (for he was not a man to preserve such things) and with not even the privilege of ever having met him, has made of the man and his career one of the finest biographies of our time.

Wallace wrote his own story of his life in a book called *People*, but it is natural that in Margaret Lane's definitive biography the exact circumstances of his birth should carefully be set down. Miss Lane handles these details objectively and sympathetically, rightly refusing either to sentimentalise or unduly to play the spotlight upon the picturesque slum dwelling of the Billingsgate fish porter and his hard-working wife who were the guardians of his tender years.

By more than one eminent critic Wallace has been compared with Dickens, in the sense that both were prolific writers, both essentially human writers, both drew inspiration from the Cockney genius, and both endured poverty in their extreme youth. But Dickens was as careful in money matters as Wallace was careless. Dickens left a comfortable fortune of £100,000 while Wallace died insolvent to the tune of £140,000. Yet it should be remembered that the rigours of Wallace's childhood were beyond anything that Dickens was called upon to bear, and that it was not until he had reached middle life that Wallace achieved anything approaching affluence, or even respite, from the necessity to earn enough to keep a growing family.

The slum child, having in turn been an errand-boy, printer's devil, bricklayer's labourer, cabin boy, newspaper seller, and milk roundsman, decided to join the army. He had always been passionately interested in the theatre, scraping up pennies to take him in to galleries (his mother was an actress and his father an actor—although he did not know it at the time), and as a private in the West Kents he started occupying his leisure by writing songs and lyrics for the stars of the regimental smokers.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Reviewed by Vernon Fane

Surprisingly he one day achieved his ambition to hear his own words from a West End stage. One of his songs was not only bought for but actually sung by the great Arthur Roberts. In South Africa he transferred to the Army Medical Service, where he wrote poetry, closely modelled on his hero, Kipling. He "would take his Collins's Large-type Pronouncing Dictionary and go up to the top of Zigzag Hill behind the town, where he could stare out across the bright waters of the bay and learn new words for the adornment of his poetry and the intellectual humiliation of Sergeant Pinder."

He learned so many things and he learned them fast, mostly under the benevolent ægis of Mrs. Caldecott, the wife of the Wesleyan minister of Simonstown, whose daughter Ivy he afterwards married. When Kipling visited South Africa he sought out the soldier-poet and from that moment of his meeting with his hero, Wallace decided to quit the army and to live forever by his pen.

POLLY RICHARDS

MRS. FREEMAN

Polly was Edgar Wallace's mother and it was Mrs. Freeman who cared for him during his childhood. It was from the Freeman household that Wallace set out when twelve years old to make his way in the world, first working for a printer in Newington Causeway at the humble wage of five shillings a week

Which indeed he did. Before the end of the Boer war he achieved the editorship of the *Rand Daily Mail* and had been successively Reuter's and the *Daily Mail* war correspondent. His dispatches made journalistic history, and annoyed the government by provoking questions in Parliament.

From then on his journalistic exploits are apocryphal, but it was not until 1906 that he was to try his hand at the type of fiction for which he afterwards became famous. Failing to find a publisher for *The Four Just Men* Edgar Wallace decided to publish it himself, got into a frightful mess in the process, and was rescued from it financially by Lord Northcliffe and rewarded with the sack.

Here, perhaps, is a key to what some people have regarded as Wallace's improvidential habit of selling his books outright. It was as a reporter he made his living; from novels and short stories he thought he could expect nothing but an occasional meagre windfall. Books of his that have since sold by the million he sold outright for as little as £50. It was years before he discovered that he could command royalties as well as advances for his books.

If the story of these formative years is enthralling, that of the period of success and affluence is fascinating. The name of Edgar Wallace was inescapable in the newspapers and magazines, on the bookstalls, in the theatre (which he loved with an atavistic passion), on the racecourse, and even in politics. He formed his own film company and, with the talkies still in their infancy, went to Hollywood, where he amazed the Moguls with the fertility of his ideas and the speed with which he worked. There he devised a remarkable new technique in *King Kong*, a film which still holds the world's record in gross receipts.

But he was a dying man, a victim of a disease, to the warnings of which he had always refused to pay heed. Ill-nourished in childhood, he had always lived the irregular life, kept the irregular hours, and snatched the irregular meals of a busy newspaper man. Yet he was the most temperate of men, with a passion for ginger beer, which he would consume even at his famous champagne parties, and for tea, of which he drank innumerable cups while working.

Here indeed was a man with a flair for the spectacular, but it needs something more than that to assess his achievements. Success came to him comparatively late in life, but it was just that kind of success to which his life had always been directed. His extravagances, his improvidence, his seemingly wild recklessness in money matters were gestures at the grinding poverty of those early years. He had inherited nothing but his own genius, nobody had ever given him a penny which he had not earned by the labour of his brain. His whole life was the antithesis of the careful bourgeois. His brain was his capital. If he spent money faster than he earned it he felt he had the right so to overdraw. But a few years after his death saw this attitude gloriously vindicated, and not the least dramatic of all the pages in this book are the chapters of the appendix, in which, in plain language, is set down the circumstances of the recovery of his estate from almost hopeless insolvency to a position where to-day his living works are earning an income for his children.

There are those who may find that in striving to preserve an objective impartiality Miss Margaret Lane has been at times too critical of her subject. Yet her task has not been an easy one, for the pitfalls confronting a family biographer are all too obvious, and very little that is worth while can be accomplished this side idolatry. It

(*Continued on page* 490)

CHRISTMAS PARTIES

ONE grand dress, one dinner dress, and one dance frock, these are the things every woman needs for the Christmas holidays. A tweed suit and coat if it is to be spent in the country, as all the best Christmases are, and as many amusing accessories as she can find.

Pack lots of colourful woollies (cashmere has never been so inexpensive as it is this year. You can get well-cut pure cashmere sweaters for less than £1). Wear satin-striped scarves and tie them with careless abandon, go gay with shoes that have built-up soles piped in bright red, blue, or green, and remember that comfort is going to be the thing you most desire.

Tuck into any odd corner a triangle of oiled silk to tie over your hair in case it should rain. Tie a scarf turban-wise about your head if it is fine, and either knit or buy the brightest ankle socks that you can find.

Victorian Grandeur: This is a frock for the woman who wants to make a really effective entrance. It is only for grand parties, and it is made in heavy black slipper satin, the dress completely strapless, with a minute top and a tremendous skirt, and the jacket finished with a petalled basque. Balenciaga sets it over a hooped taffeta petticoat and relieves it with boldly applied bands of white satin. This, too, comes from Harrods

For the evening, flower-bordered or jewel-massed combs for your hair. If you are driving over to a dance seize the chance it gives you of veiling your hair with a chiffon "fascinator" frosted with tiny silver spangles. Set exotic sprays of flowers made of coloured stones against a sober dress.

Wear chunky pearl-set clips and ear-rings, little velvet muff-bags, triangular lace shawls, enormous bouquets of mixed flowers, wide matching bracelets on each arm, mid-way between wrist and elbow, evening shoes that look like mules, and cocktail mules that look like evening shoes, house pyjamas if you feel dashing and can be sure that your fellow guests will not resent them—and make a point of choosing the nicest presents you can find for your host and hostess.

Black and Royal Blue: Here is the perfect dress for those who like to dine quietly and then go to the cinema, or for country week-ends. Mainbocher makes it in a smooth black woollen fabric, the little coat full-backed and very short, and the Empire-waisted skirt topped with his new royal blue chiffon, trimmed at the neck with rows of Valenciennes lace, its fullness held in place by smocked tucking. It gives a new silhouette, slender but full of movement, and it comes from Harrods

To go with your tweeds—two practical but extremely smart bags. You can get the calf pochette in any colour, which is a great advantage; another being that it costs only 1 guinea. It opens with a hidden zip, which has a diamond-shaped puller; it has an inside pocket, a purse, a mirror, and a lipstick-holder

The second bag is of hazel pigskin — good-looking enough to confer distinction on any travelling outfit. It is light and hard-wearing; it has an outside pocket, two inside pockets, a zipped compartment, and an attached purse. It comes, with all the other bags, from Revelation, 170, Piccadilly, and it costs 25s. 6d.

A beautifully proportioned bag in black suède with a flat gilt frame of cut-out vine leaves and a linked handle. Luxuriously lined and fitted, it costs 59s. 6d. The second bag, also of black suède, has patent leather handles, costs 65s., and has an ornamental clasp of graduated silver rings. Despite its elegant appearance it is extremely capacious

Special SPHERE ph

"THE FLASHING STREAM" FLOWS ON:

Godfrey Tearle as Commander Edward Ferrers (centre), the naval experimenter, and Margaret Rawlings as Karen Selby, the brilliant secretary, who assists him and to whom he makes love in terms of the higher mathematics. A scene from Charles Morgan's remarkable play, *The Flashing Stream*, which, despite its essentially highbrow appeal, has scored a popular success at the Lyric Theatre. Mr. Morgan, one of our greatest stylists, is dramatic critic of *The Times*

"I WILL arise and go now and see a Guinness free," I said (as Mr. W. B. Yeats did not, quite) one evening last week. In other words, I went to the Old Vic with a complimentary stall in my pocket and saw *The Rivals*, in which Mr. Alec Guinness plays Bob Acres. Lots of new men in the cast and a very young Acres. Mr. Guinness has now, however, reached far beyond the promising recruit stage and has several solid, though not too solid, achievements to his credit. Bob Acres has just been described by a distinguished colleague as "a classical figure of fun." That is as may be; I would be inclined to call the character more classical than funny. But in this case it is not over-played, and Mr. Guinness does not, as have done so many of his undistinguished predecessors, jump about the place and shout; with the pleasant result that we get some idea of what the man means.

There is the same balance and restraint about the production as a whole. I have seen not a few revivals of *The Rivals* which have been a quite unconvincing and not very entertaining mixture of horse-play and the conventional stage-eighteenth-century snuff-box-cum-courtly grace business. The latter quality is there and rightly, since it is authentic, the public like it, and it is good for the snuff-box-office. But the play, if not quite Sheridan's best, is a true comedy and its wit must not be obscured by farcical methods. Mr. Lewis Casson's Anthony Absolute is certainly not farcical, but just the crusty, somewhat Blimp-like old creature Sheridan probably intended him to be.

Most of the "fat" goes to Mrs. Malaprop, and most excellent use did Miss Ellen Compton make of it; often did I see, in my salad days, *The Rivals* played by the Compton Comedy Company, so possibly tradition lent a hand here. If you laugh at malapropisms—many people do not, but I do—cross Waterloo Bridge for your joy and edification. Miss Hermione Hannen—charming daughter of a clever actor-father—is an ideal Lydia. The setting manages to contrive touches of originality without affectation.

LUISE RAINER'S LATEST:

The popular Metro-Goldwyn star in *The Great Waltz*, a musical film with a Viennese background, in which she plays opposite Fernand Gravet who takes the part of Johann Strauss

"Don Carlos."—With Shakespeare and Sheridan south of the river and ballet and opera north, the Vic-Wells organisation is justifying itself just now with particular completeness. I would not say that the production last week of Verdi's *Don Carlos* justified the pother which has been made about it; not that the performance was not admirable in nearly every respect, but because this not-very-well-known opera simply does not, to my mind, justify any sort of pother. The musical public has a knack of being right about most things and when any work, whether operatic or symphonic, languishes in semi-obscurity there is usually a pretty good reason for it.

There are, of course, exceptions, one of them being Humperdinck's exquisite opera, *Konigskinder*—better even than his *Hansel and Gretel*—which has not been heard in London since before the war. There are two reasons for such neglect, both of them concerned with practical and insuperable difficulties. One is th the two "children of the king" are supposed to b quite little children (if they are not, the rath beautiful story becomes meaningless), to whom t composer has given to sing music of Wagneri difficulty. Now, not all Wagnerian singers (th this is a stock joke) are plump and unwieldy. some of them are, and when you have a tenor a soprano who have bulged unromantically Tristan and Isolde appearing a few nights —this I have known—as a couple of pathetic dying in the snow, "a guy," as Mr. Damon Run would say, "just has to laugh a lot."

Konigskinder's second snag is that flock geese. They are essential to the plot and they ha to be real geese. Now, real geese, believe it or n are not very good operatic actors, any more th real ganders are good operatic actresses. The do not seem to have either a sense of the stage sufficient appreciation of the melodic value a contrapuntal subtlety of Humperdinck's mus They have a habit of waddling into corners of t stage where they are not wanted and of flappi and flopping into the orchestra and even int the lap of a trombone-player when he is doing his stuff.

I seem to have waddled a longish way fro *Don Carlos*, in which there are no geese, on Spanish royal personages, grand inquisitors and that sort of thing. Incidentally, it needs half dozen "star" singers, which makes it expensive and that may be one reason why it has long sojourns on the shelf. Some of the arias, including of course, the famous "O don fatale," are in th best Verdi style, there are effective love-scenes a much that might be described as near-grandeur. is a far better work than the composer's *Macbet* before which there was some irritating genuflecti at Glyndebourne last summer and about which a unconscionable amount of nonsense was talked an written at the time. But it is on the dull side o the whole, with neither the popular elements of *Traviata* and *Rigoletto* nor the musical value of *Otello* and the superb *Falstaff*.

The Sadler's Wells performance was the first in English, I understand, on any stage, and in spite o its faults, *Don Carlos* is an interesting addition to the "Wells" repertoire. Mr. Warwick Braithwaite, who conducted, did not have an easy job, bu carried it out with very much more than competence Mr. Tudor Davies, who is well in the first half-dozen British tenors, did brilliantly in the title-role, and Mr. Redvers Llewellyn's Posa could not have be better. They will have to call it Sadler's Wales o opera nights.

On Stage and Screen

MRS. MALAPROP IN THE WATERLOO ROAD

A Worth-while Revival of "The Rivals" at the Old Vic: Verdi's Little-sung "Don Carlos"

By PHILIP PAGE

"Entrée des Artistes" (Film).—There are films galore about back-stage life, mostly American. It has remained for the French, always intelligent pioneers in the cinema world, to make one about a school for actors and actresses. That is probably because the Paris Conservatoire is still a fairly important thing in the life of the nation. *Entrée des Artistes*, which I have just seen at the Curzon, is for the most part about the Conservatoire and is best when it confines itself to happenings therein. When it wanders to a country house eighty miles from Paris, it—well, it wanders.

I do not quite understand how this film, for all its many qualities, became, as it undoubtedly did, the rage of Paris. It is ingenious and original. Has there ever been a French film which was not? But it is uneven, and in parts obscure. The story is of a young girl, Isabelle, who has stage ambitions. She studies for the Conservatoire entrance examination while working in a laundry run by her uncle and aunt, who do not know what she has been up to and give her hell and a spanking when they find out. However, she passes the exam., and the Don Juan among the pupils, Francois, falls in love with her and she with him, Francois chucking his former flame, Cecilia. Isabelle is turned out of her home and Francois persuades a journalist friend to employ her as secretary, himself paying her salary, taking on a job as a gigolo to enable him to do this.

Cecilia is jealous (also rich) and traps him into meeting her at a lonely country house, where she tries (to put it delicately) to re-awaken his dead passion for her. When she is unsuccessful, she secures some poison, after a series of incomprehensible incidents, most of them taking place in the dark, and swallows it on the stage of the Conservatoire's theatre, during a scene with Francois, when the final examination is taking place, her last words being "*Francois, pourquoi m'as-tu assassinée?*" Francois is accused of murder, is absolved after complications it is unnecessary as well as impossible for me to explain, and, presumably, lives happily ever after with Isabelle.

The acting honours unquestionably go to Mlle Janine Darcey as Isabelle. She is a very young girl, with no conventionally glamorous film-star prettiness, though she is pretty and attractive enough. But she is a natural and sincere actress, of extraordinary interest and promise. M. Louis Jouvet plays Francois flawlessly.

"The Gospel According to St. Serge."—Of books about ballet there is no end. That first-rate dancer, M. Anton Dolin, recently gave to the world the second volume of his not vastly interesting professional experiences. This has now been followed by M. Serge Lifar's *Ballet, Traditional and Modern* (Putnam. 15s.), which is made of sterner stuff. M. Lifar leaps with grace and agility when he is actually doing the job for which he tells us he was created. When he writes about it he is on the heavy side and he takes both ballet and himself with immense seriousness. To be serious about one's profession is a praiseworthy quality; but the seriousness of the professional burglar when a-burgling is as nought compared with that of the professional dancer when a-dancing and, above all, of the professional dancer when a-writing about dancing.

M. Lifar lands us into deep stuff with a bump in his opening sentence, starting off with a paraphrase—or parody—of St. John:—

> "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God. And the Word was God. All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made." . . .
> "In the beginning was Dancing, and Dancing was with Rhythm. And Rhythm was Dancing. At the commencement was Rhythm, all was made with it, and without it nothing was made."

If the author were not obviously so sincere, this would be blasphemy. I prefer to call it just silly. The technical and historical parts of the book are far more sensible and of considerable value. To the question "What is lacking in the world of ballet to-day?" I would reply—a sense of humour.

DEANNA AND HER BICYCLE:

Hollywood studios cover a large area and a busy player like Deanna Durbin has to make several trips over the studio grounds during a day's filming. However, she scorns the car placed at her disposal, preferring to ride this bicycle which has been given her by producer Joe Pasternak. Her latest film, *That Certain Age*, was presented last week at the Leicester Square Theatre

CROSS-SECTION OF A VELDT FARMHOUSE:

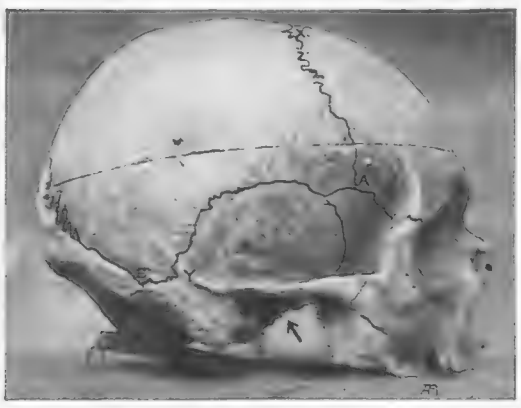
Special SPHERE *picture*

A scene from Merton Hodge's adaptation of Olive Schreiner's famed novel, *The Story of an African Farm*, which was recently presented at the New Theatre. In the living room we see Gregory (Michael Gough) with the beautiful Lyndall (Curigwen Lewis), while the forlorn and deserted Em (Alexis France) looks down from the top of the staircase. Reading in a loft room sits the domineering Tant Sannie (Mary Clare)

BRITAIN'S EARLIEST KNOWN INHABITANT: The Swanscombe Skull now on Exhibition at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington

THE SWANSCOMBE SKULL which is now on exhibition in the Natural History Museum. Since the recent meeting of the British Association it may now be described as officially recognised as the oldest known European skull

WHERE THE OCCIPITAL BONE OF THE SKULL WAS FOUND: The Barnfield Pit at Swanscombe, Kent, scene of Alvan T. Marston's great discovery. The post in the foreground is just in front of the spot (marked white) at which the skull was unearthed



TWENTIETH-CENTURY MAN: The position of the two portions of the Swanscombe skull so far discovered can be identified by making comparison with this modern skull. The search for the front portions of the Swanscombe skull is still going on

By ALVAN T. MARSTON
Discoverer of the Swanscombe Skull

THE appetite created by the desire to learn more of the origins of the human race as the result of the application of the Darwinian view of evolution to man is being revived by the epoch-making discovery of part of the skull of the earliest known inhabitant of Britain, the Swanscombe skull. The skull is featuring with other recent acquisitions in a special exhibition in the Natural History Museum, South Kensington.

For nearly half a century, archæologists have known the high terrace gravels at Swanscombe, Kent, and in that time have found hundreds of thousands of the early Stone Age hand axes belonging to the Chelles-Acheulean stage, but the constant hope that skeletal human remains of the makers of those implements might be found did not become fact until June, 1935, when I discovered a human occipital bone 24 ft. below the surface in the middle gravels of the Barnfield Pit. Nine months later a second bone of the same skull was found, the left parietal, in the same seam of gravel and at the same depth below the surface. The two bones were 8 yards apart, many tons of sand and gravel having to be excavated and examined to bring the second bone to light, and this work is still going on.

These bones are, with the probable exception of the Heidelberg jaw, the earliest-known authentic specimens of the human race yet found in Europe. So much can be said with safety and certainty. They are older than Piltdown, and they are older than the Neanderthals. Such is the geological evidence. The Swanscombe skull belongs to the second inter-glacial; the Neanderthals to the third, and Piltdown in all probability still later. Doubts have always existed about the age of the Piltdown skull. It had been claimed and had been accepted, with disregard of evidence to the contrary, as being early-Pleistocene, the Man of the Dawn, the oldest human fossil in the world. The deposits at Piltdown, however, are only 48 ft. above the river, and *if* the skull were contemporary with those deposits, and this "if" must be recognised—then since Piltdown man lived the river has only been able to cut down 48 ft. from that level—a vastly different picture from that of Swanscombe.

If the Swanscombe discovery has served to show Piltdown in this new light, that alone, to many, would be considered to justify the term "epoch-making," for it will remove many difficulties which Piltdown interposed in the scheme of orderly progressive evolution of the human race in the Pleistocene period. But the discovery means more than that. The Barnfield deposits have unfolded a fresh conception of the story of the River Thames.

It was formerly thought that the Barnfield deposits were merely part of the high or 100-ft. terrace of the Thames which flanked the southern bank. The new view is that the Barnfield deposits are the infilling of a stranded, very ancient river, which probably existed before the Thames was finding its way to the sea between the shores of Essex and Kent, the Thames of that period flowing farther north through Hertfordshire.

The Barnfield river-bed became filled in by gravels and sands carried down by the river over a long period during which the level of the land relative to that of the sea was sinking. Three stages can be recognised, such that implements are found in the Later Middle Gravels which do not occur in the Older Middle Gravels, and implements are found in the Older Middle Gravels which are not found in the Lower Gravels. Each stage, therefore, is a page of history, documented by implements, by the bones and teeth of extinct animals, and by shells.

After the Barnfield channel became filled, the land must have continued to sink farther, because at Dartford deposits of a later period were formed when the water was flowing as much as 130 ft. above the level of the present Thames.

Thus, in a nutshell, if we are going to compare the ages of Piltdown and Swanscombe, we see that with the former the river level has been lowered only 48 ft. and with the latter over 100 ft.

The Swanscombe bones represent the skull of a young individual of the middle twenties. As to sex, the vigorous muscle markings of the neck might suggest the male. The two bones became disunited at the time when they were being carried along in the ancient river, one bone coming to rest here, another there, and the remainder who knows where. The course of this bed is being followed up, and as we proceed, abundant remains of elephant, rhinoceros, deer, etc., suggestive of a warm African–Asiatic climate, are being found, together with hand-axes of the Chelles-Acheulean stage which could hardly have been made far away, such is their fresh condition. The deposits are capped by strata assigned to the Riss Glacial Period.

The Acheulean stage persisted into the third inter-glacial, and on the Continent the Ehringsdorf and Steinheim skulls represent Acheulean man of the third inter-glacial, and these skulls have been considered to belong to the Neanderthal type.

Although some are prepared to dogmatise that Swanscombe cannot be a Neanderthal type, and indeed from them he differs considerably in the shape of the back of the head, yet in some important respects, especially in the manner in which the temporal bone will fit, the Swanscombe skull shows the features which are recognised as primitive in the Ehringsdorf skull.

Swanscombe is not *homo sapiens*. It is, as its geological horizon shows, a pre-Neanderthal *homi nid*. Its age, and certain characteristics such as the width at the base of the skull, would permit an affinity to the Heidelberg jaw, although possibly a little later in date.

Swanscombe had not yet attained the status of modern man. Another and most important feature of the discovery is the especially beautiful and extremely interesting cast of the inner or brain surface which it has provided. There can be little doubt but that this shows an evolutionary stage of human development and points to a much more primitive stage than Piltdown. In the large *sulcus lunatus* it retains a feature reminiscent of the course of primate evolution through which it has progressed, and the parietal region, especially the region of the lateral fissure, is primitive.

It can well be conceived that Swanscombe might be precursive to the European Neanderthal form. We can certainly expect that the low developmental stage shown by the occipital and parietal areas affected other areas in this ancient skull, and that it will have a low frontal development, characterised, as are all the authentic early types of man from Neanderthal backwards, by the massive eyebrow ridges.

To reconstruct a picture of Acheulean man, he, at this time, lived the life of a primitive savage hunter, dwelling on the banks of rivers, where game was abundant, or on sandy stretches. His implements, some of which showed great skill and an appreciation of line and balance, were less likely to have been weapons of offence against his fellow men than for use in hunting. The abundance of implements in a locality suggest tribal conditions. Certain extraordinary-sized crudely-made pointed flints, too heavy to have been carried as hand weapons, suggest as a possible use suspension over traps or watering holes, which, in dropping, would transfix animals.

Climatic conditions, as suggested by the warmth-loving elephant and rhinoceros, would permit us to realise that he dwelt in a state of pre-Adamic innocence regarding clothing, and, in theory, we should expect him to be dark-skinned. Although he was man on the ladder of evolution, there was nothing of the ape about him, any more than there is of a cat about a dog. He had attained the full specialisation of his hands. He walked erect, in the sense that he used only his lower limbs for progression, but it is almost certain that he shared in the same gait and posture of the Neanderthals of the later inter-glacial, with his head set forward, but despite the low bulging forehead the brain within was animated by a human intelligence.

THE LEFT PARIETAL BONE of the Swanscombe skull in situ before removal from the Barnfield Pit, Kent. It was found 8 yards from the occipital bone

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C.F.H.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS—(Continued from page 484)

is sufficient to say that out of this magnificent material Miss Lane has written a book worthy of a place among the most famous of modern biographies.

I think it would be impossible to find a greater contrast to Miss Lane's book than RETROSPECT (Muller. 12s. 6d.), a series of autobiographical anecdotes from the pen of the Marchioness of Londonderry.

This book cannot be called autobiography proper since in no single passage does it admit the reader to the writer's confidence, and in some chapters the treatment is so impersonal that when Lady Londonderry switches over from an account of her own experience to write of her husband's exploits in India, the change is scarcely noticeable.

But the memoirs are amusing, and written with great verve. Lady Londonderry was a pioneer of women riding astride, of women shooting, of women wearing plus fours and of women's independence in the whole social scheme. During the war she organised the Women's Legion, and Londonderry House itself was turned into a hospital. There were critics who suggested that a more fitting name for the Women's Legion would be the Women's Corps, but they were aptly countered by Lady Londonderry who "bluntly asked them to consider the effect on the general public if they paraded the streets with the initial letters worn on their shoulder straps!" In this, as in other small official disputes, Lady Londonderry won hands down.

Many of the anecdotes, for one reason or another, deserve quotation. I will limit myself to one, which has a certain old-world charm. It is a story of her mother-in-law, who was frequently honoured by an afternoon call from Edward VII.

"It was after one of these royal visits that Lady Londonderry had dressed early and, happening to go into the drawing-room before dinner, discovered one of the housemaids with a duster in her hand sitting on all the chairs in the room by turns. With great intuition she immediately guessed the reason for this curious behaviour. "That is the chair his Majesty sat in," she said, pointing; "now have a good sit in it."

KEEPING THE FLAG FLYING IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA—(Continued from page 472)

Ukrainia.—Germany prevented the Hungarian-Polish scheme, backed by Italy, for the entire cession of Ruthenia to Hungary, as she did not want her eastern expansion blocked by a common Polish-Hungarian frontier. Germany wants to maintain in being an autonomous Ruthenia, both as a "corridor" of influence to the south-east and also as the rallying point and nucleus of Ukrainian nationalism. The Ruthenes have racial ties with the Ukrainians in Russia and also the Ukrainian minority in Poland. Germany hopes that this fact may be exploited to attain the eventual creation of a greater Ukrainia, under German influence. Already there have been autonomy demands on the part of the Ukrainian minority in Poland.

A greater Ukrainia would, of course, realise one of Germany's expansionist dreams at the expense both of Russia and Poland. With this end in view Germany has already sent some forty German-trained "Ukrainian" political propagandists and agitators to Ruthenia, to work up this Ukrainian national campaign. The leader of this group of forty is Herr Ario, a Germanised Ukrainian, who was at one time a German "nationalist" newspaper correspondent in Warsaw.

CONTINUATIONS

In the revulsion of feeling which followed the Munich settlement, there is now in Czechoslovakia a tendency to swing away from anything which suggested the former policy of co-operation with the Western democracies—the policy which, it is felt, resulted in Czechoslovakia's present tragedy. This must inevitably mean a general post of politicians and officials. The adherents of the one-time "Benes system" will have to make way for the new men of the new situation.

One's sympathies particularly go out to General Sirovy, the present Premier, who piloted Czechoslovakia through her time of tragedy and crisis, and who thus bridged the gap between the old and the new dispensation. "General Johnny," as he is affectionately known, has carried out a terribly difficult and almost impossible task with great courage and fortitude. One feels great sympathy for him and his gallant army—they were never given the chance to fight for their country's integrity.

However, as I have said, the Czechs are realists, and, on their new and restricted basis, they will, by will and courage, build themselves up again.

BOOKS RECEIVED

JARROLDS.—BECAUSE I MUST. By Hilda Lewis. 8s. 6d. MICHAEL JOSEPH.—THE QUEEN'S CAUSE. By Mrs. Hubert Barclay. 15s. SING FOR YOUR SUPPER. By Eleanor Farjeon. 6s. HIMALAYAN VILLAGE: AN ACCOUNT OF THE LEPCHAS OF SIKKIM. By Geoffrey Gorer. Illustrated. 25s. ANNE ALONE. By Owen Rutter. 7s. 6d. ST. PETER'S FINGER. By Gladys Mitchell. 7s. 6d. THE LONG DREAM. By Sigrid Boo. 7s. 6d. KEGAN PAUL.—THUS WE ARE MEN. By Sir Walter Langdon-Brown. 10s. 6d. JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD.—FLAT TO LET. By Charles Lorne. 8s. 6d. LONGMANS.—THICKER THAN WATER. By Nigel Gosling. 7s. 6d. JACOBSONS LADDER. By John Pudney. 7s. 6d. EAST WIND ON FRIDAY. By Jane Scott. 7s. 6d. THE DAY WILL COME. By John Randolph Richards. 7s. 6d. LOVAT DICKSON.—SOME STILL LIVE. By F. G. Tinker. 10s. 6d. SCARRED BACKGROUND. By Nigel Heseltine. 10s. 6d. MACMILLAN.—LETTERS FROM BENJAMIN DISRAELI TO FRANCES ANNE, MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY, 1837–1861. 7s. 6d. FANNY KEMBLE. By Margaret Armstrong. 15s. WE HAVE BEEN GLAD. By Doris N. Dalglish. 10s. 6d.

THREE C's AT CHRISTMAS

Cigars, Crackers, and Cards

"Give him Havana cigars this Christmas" is the theme of the Cuban Government's advertising. The gift of a box of Havana cigars is always welcome to one's men friends, and it has this advantage, that whereas most gifts are apt to be forgotten after the festivities, a box of cigars remains, every single cigar a reminder of the discrimination and good will of the donor.

One thing never varies at Christmas—the thrill at the arrival of the post with its host of cards conveying greetings. Because these little tokens of seasonal sentiment convey so much, they should be chosen with infinite care. Something a little different, yet of a dignified and personal character, is always welcome. No one could possibly look far through any of the 1938 collections of Sharpe's "Classic" Personal Christmas Greeting Cards, which we have just had the opportunity of seeing, without failing to find designs and messages to meet their needs exactly. Several noted artists have been commissioned to assist in the producing of this wide variety of outstandingly beautiful designs.

Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark, Christmas without crackers, both are unthinkable. Tom Smith and Co., Ltd. have a particularly enviable reputation as manufacturers of crackers and this year it is evident that they have excelled themselves, having a range of no fewer than 500 designs from which the public may choose. Some boxes have a character-reading theme, others have especial appeal for those who enjoy fortune-telling, while yet others are particularly attractive from the point of view of table decoration.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

This Christmas, please send a donation to the above Society and help them to carry on the great work of maintaining and training 1,165 poor boys and girls. Apart from the training of boys for the sea services, boys in the Homes are trained for definite careers and the girls are prepared for domestic service. Since 1843 this Society has given over 34,169 poor children a chance in life. Will readers of THE SPHERE please send donations and help to give another poor child a chance in life. Legacies are earnestly solicited and all donations will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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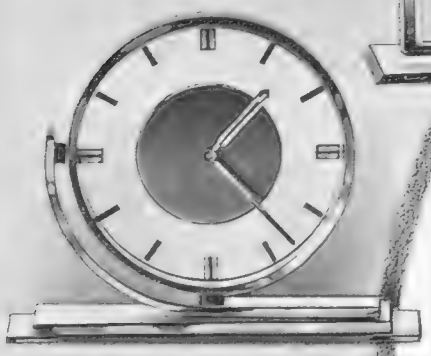
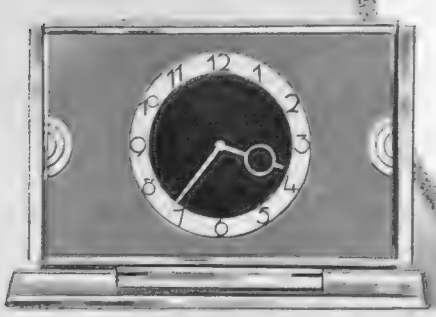
C 724. 8-day English Lever Timepiece in Burr Walnut. Height, 7¼in. £5 5 0

C 719. 8-day Swiss Lever Timepiece in Burr Walnut, 5 x 7¼in. £4 4 0



C 721. Chromium and Smoked Glass 8-day Timepiece, 5¾x7¼in. £4 10 0



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FURTHER OUTLOOK—CHAOS!

The Coming Year Will See More and More New Cars on Our Antiquated Roads —Highways Which Are a Positive Danger and a Bar to Progress

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

DURING the year just drawing to a close the number of new cars sold to the British public has not been as great as in the preceding twelve months. Business at the recent Show, however, gives every indication that unless something unforeseen happens there will be more new cars on the road in 1939 than ever before. We know that the main roads of this country, particularly at week-ends, are grossly overcrowded, and when we come to consider the thoroughfares in and in the vicinity of our big cities, traffic conditions can only be described as chaotic.

Strange to relate, nothing much appears to have been done or planned to remedy this sad state of affairs. Cross-Channel aeroplanes are becoming faster every day, bringing Paris and London within an hour's journey of each other. Before long, without any exaggeration, it will take longer to get from Piccadilly Circus to Croydon than it will from Croydon to Paris. Even our old-established railways have increased the speed of their trains. Motor manufacturers, always progressive, give us faster and yet safer vehicles to drive, but this effort on their part is in a way fruitless because the appalling congestion on our roads effectively prevents drivers from utilising the speed at their command.

After waiting years, the long-looked-for Bressey report has appeared, and there is no doubt that those who drew it up showed infinite vision and completed their task with the utmost skill. It looks, however, as if this report will soon have a good layer of dust covering it in a Whitehall pigeon-hole.

Somehow or other I always get the impression that the authorities imagine that good roads would only add to the enjoyment of pleasure-seeking motorists, and so they do nothing. In these days, however, quick transport, whether it is by air, sea, or land, is one of the factors which count in the prosperity of a nation, and so whilst other countries modernise their roads we, who were at one time leaders in highway construction, cannot sit still and see conditions going from bad to worse.

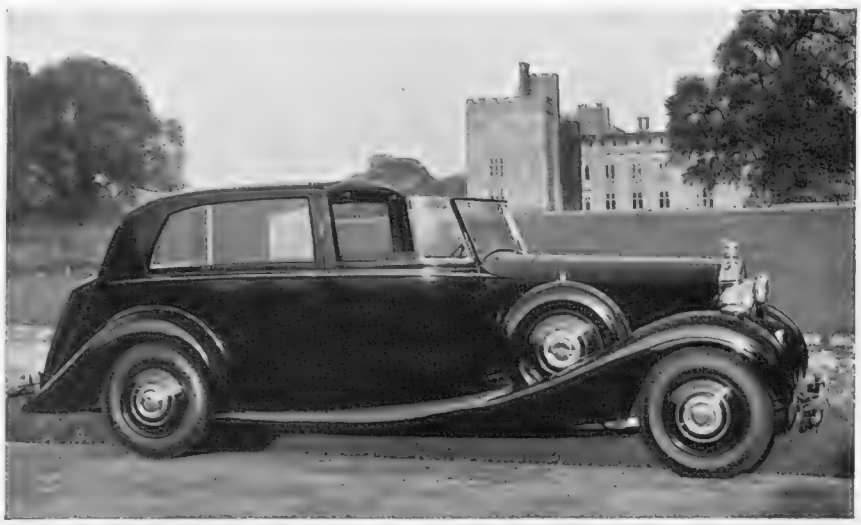
Motoring bodies and individuals have agitated consistently in the hope that our road authorities would really do something definite on a large scale, particularly now when it is realised that should another crisis come upon us the roads leading out of our big cities will be called upon to cope with colossal traffic. Even assuming that nothing is to be done, it appears to be fantastic that more control of traffic in cities is not introduced.

Our streets are narrow and so why should they be made narrower by the selfishness of hundreds of drivers who stick to the middle of the road instead of keeping to the left? Although I motor every day of my life I have never yet seen or heard of a mobile policeman reprimanding, let alone summoning, a driver for not hugging the nearside kerb.

Taxicabs are apparently permitted to crawl along looking for fares—a procedure which holds up the following traffic in a perfectly needless way. Taxicab ranks, too, are frequently situated in absurd positions and in some narrow streets in London cars are still allowed to be parked on each side so that there is only a narrow lane in the middle left for through traffic. No taxicab or car should be allowed to turn round in any street, with a possible few exceptions, yet almost every hour of the day one can see a taxi going forwards and backwards endeavouring to reverse his direction in a narrow street such as Jermyn Street. Such a manœuvre probably holds up ten or twelve other vehicles until it is completed and if I were a traffic dictator I would not allow any vehicle to pull up facing traffic coming in the opposite direction.

The question of buses in our big cities also requires very careful consideration, for except at the rush hours many of these cumbersome vehicles go along the street with just one or two passengers on board.

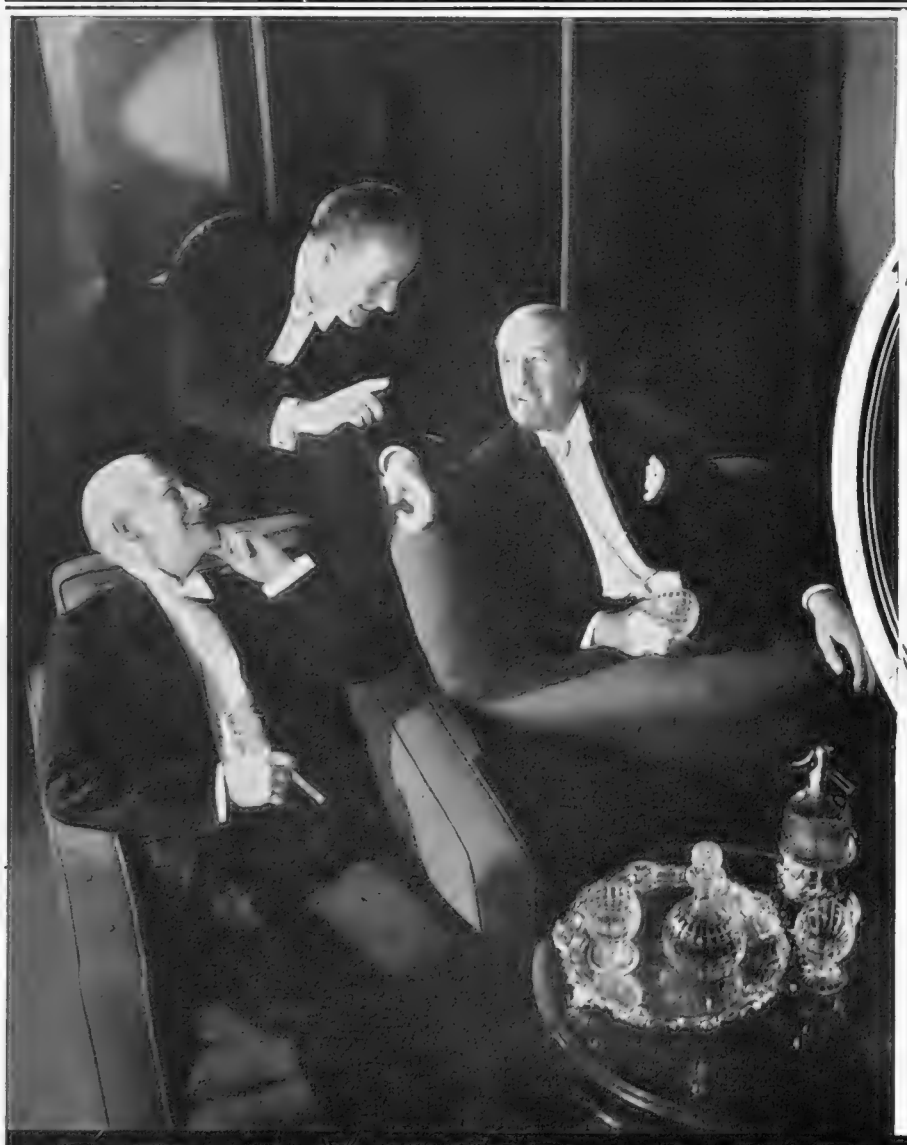
There are many other simple regulations that would speed up traffic that should be brought in, and so far as I can see no call on the public purse is necessary. The question naturally arises — why is it that such obvious methods are not taken? I am afraid that I cannot give the answer but I begin to wonder whether there is anybody in the Ministry who knows anything at all about road traffic.



THE QUINTESSENCE OF LUXURY: A special Barclay-designed six-seater Sedanca de Ville by James Young mounted on the new 25-30-h.p. Rolls-Royce Wraith chassis. Among the many refinements are included an electrically operated division between front and rear, sliding purdah glasses, cocktail cabinet, and radio

I should say that the number of motorists who travel by night is increasing. Many reasons, probably, contribute to their undertaking journeys in the dark. Night driving is certainly much safer, and owing to the lesser number of vehicles on the road it is not so fatiguing. The night driver, however, has one great grouse and that is the difficulty of finding, when he wants it, a garage that is open to supply his needs. In certain districts, and even on some of our main roads, the driver by night can traverse twenty or even thirty miles without finding a petrol pump open for use. On the other hand, there are some stretches of road where there are two or three garages within a mile all open to do business.

I quite realise that the amount of business that a garage, or even a petrol-filling station, is likely to do between 10 p.m. and 7 a.m. is only a fraction of that done in the remainder of the twenty-four hours. The garage proprietor probably decides that it is not worth his while to keep his premises open day and night. Personally I do not think that the average motorist would object to paying more for his petrol and [illegible] during the hours I have mentioned, and as at present standard day-time charges appear to apply for night service it might be an inducement to the [illegible] proprietor to keep open if he knew that he could [illegible] additional charge during the hours of darkn[illegible]



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Of the various Nile voyages, one stands out in particular — that to the Second Cataract. Beyond Aswan it goes, to Wadi Halfa — into the strange land of Nubia. Particulars of this and other voyages in Cook's interesting folder ' The Nile Voyage.' All prices shown are inclusive. It is wise to make your reservation in plenty of time.

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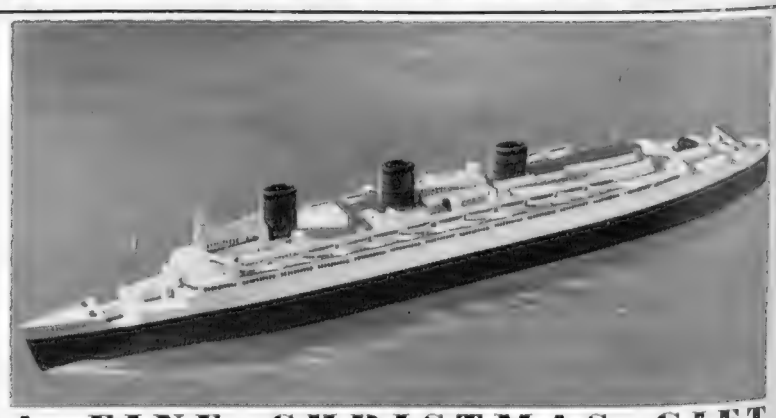

A FINE CHRISTMAS GIFT

From the designs of G. H. Davis (special artist of *The Illustrated London News*) have been produced accurate-to-scale working models of H.M.S. *Nelson* and R.M.S. *Queen Mary*. A powerful electric motor is fitted and the models float perfectly. The price is very moderate considering the fine workmanship.

Details are as follows : R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY" overall length 34 ins. Price including packing £3 3s. Carriage inland 1/6 each, abroad 5/9 each. South Africa 8/5 each. H.M.S. "NELSON" overall length 26 ins. Price £1 15s. Carriage inland 1/6, abroad 4/-. South Africa 5/9. Order with remittance should be sent to Dept. R.39

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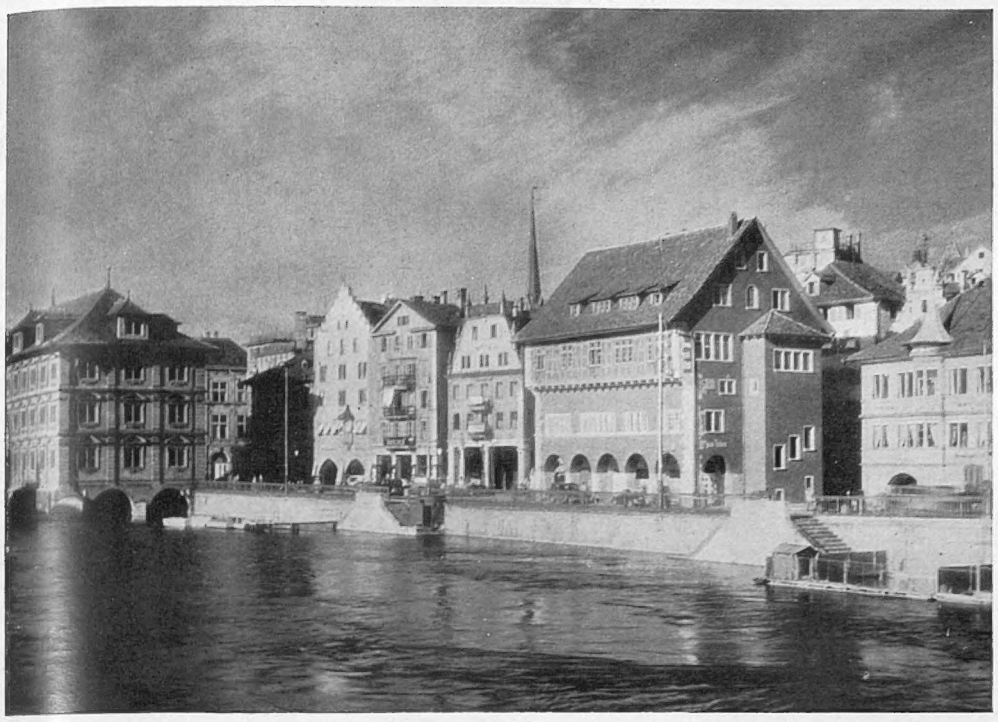


OLD-WORLD ZÜRICH: Picturesque buildings on the quayside of this city which in 1939 is to be the scene of the Swiss National Exhibition. The display will open in May and close in October

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

TO SNOWY PEAKS AND SUNNY SEAS

Travel in the Christmas Holidays

Zürich.—The summer visitor, much less the winter sports enthusiast, does not as a rule give Zürich the attention it deserves. There is a charm about the old part with its narrow cobbled streets and the modern town is laid out on lines worthy of the capital of the canton. It will, however, receive much more attention from holidaymakers in Switzerland in 1939, for the Swiss National Exhibition is to be held there.

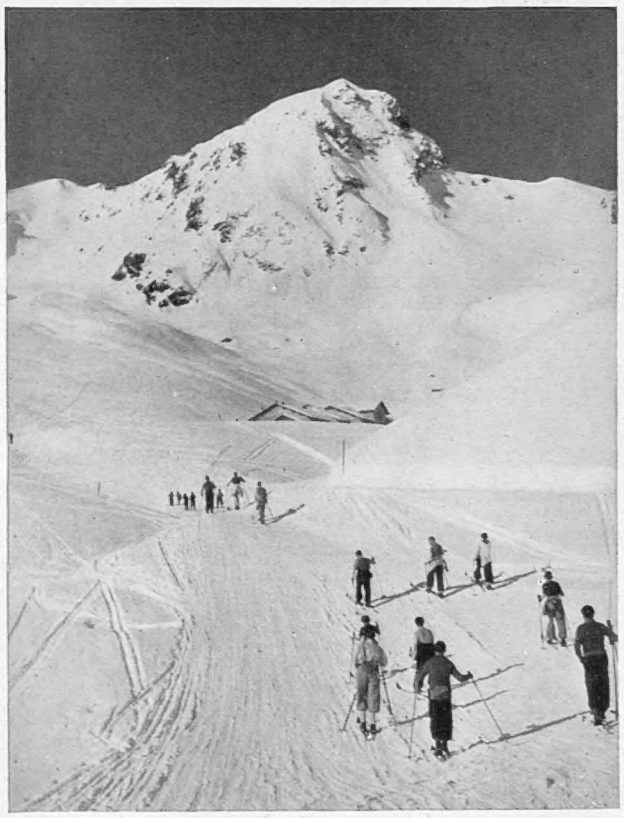
It will be opened on May 6 and will continue until the end of October. The exhibition will embrace both shores of the narrow lake on which Zürich stands and we may be sure that the Swiss will see that it harmonises with the lovely setting flanked by majestic mountains. Every facility will no doubt be provided for tourists at the various lake and mountain resorts to visit the exhibition, which will give a very comprehensive picture of the country, its people, and their lives.

The Bay of Bengal.—Every traveller with an eye for contrasts is struck by the differences between India and Burma and those who return without having crossed the Bay of Bengal have missed a great deal.

There is a very considerable passenger traffic between Calcutta and Rangoon and the British India Line runs three services a week in each direction. They are now putting on new 8,000-ton steamers specially designed for the service. The *Amra*, completed on the Tyne this year, has just gone out. She will be joined next year by a sister-ship, *Aska*, which will be ready about June, and they will work together in conjunction with the other mail ships of the line in maintaining the service between Calcutta and Rangoon which is said to be the oldest connection in the Empire.

Marseilles–Alexandria.—You may have noticed that the mail service between Marseilles and Alexandria is usually referred to as both Pharaonic Mail Line and Khedivial Mail Line. Two very smart steamers, the *Mohamed Ali El Kebir* and *Khedive Ismail*, whose hulls are painted green, maintain this service, occupying about four and a half days on the passage. Since the company passed into Egyptian hands—Abboud Pasha is the chairman of the board—the term Pharaonic Mail Line has been emphasised and in the course of time will probably be used exclusively. The steamers were formerly engaged on the New York–Buenos Aires run. The line is continuing the reduced summer fares during this winter season. The 1st-class single fare remains at £17, a saving of £4 on the normal rate, and there is a proportionate saving on 2nd- and 3rd-class rates.

Beverley Brooke



SKI-ING DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN now that most of the Swiss resorts are under a mantle of snow. From next week onwards the departures for the Continent will be at their height

TRAVEL interests at the moment are in two particular directions—winter sports and winter cruising. The middle of December sees most of the Swiss sports centres under a mantle of snow, and some parties went over at the beginning of the month, but this is the week-end when the general season opens. Next week there will be daily departures.

During the few days before Christmas several cruising liners will leave this country for West Africa ports and the Atlantic Isles, and on Christmas Eve the *Franconia* sets out on her five-month voyage round the world. She will carry a considerable number of passengers from the United Kingdom and the company will be completed at New York whence she sails on January 5. Between January 10 and 26 eight liners will leave for the West Indies, South America, and Florida, and on the 21st the *Empress of Britain* will be at Monaco to pick up her European passengers on her four-month cruise.

The shipping companies have made their provisional plans for the summer cruising season in 1939, and with any progress in the European "appeasement" negotiations they are counting on a good season, for there is no indication of declining interest in this excellent form of travel.

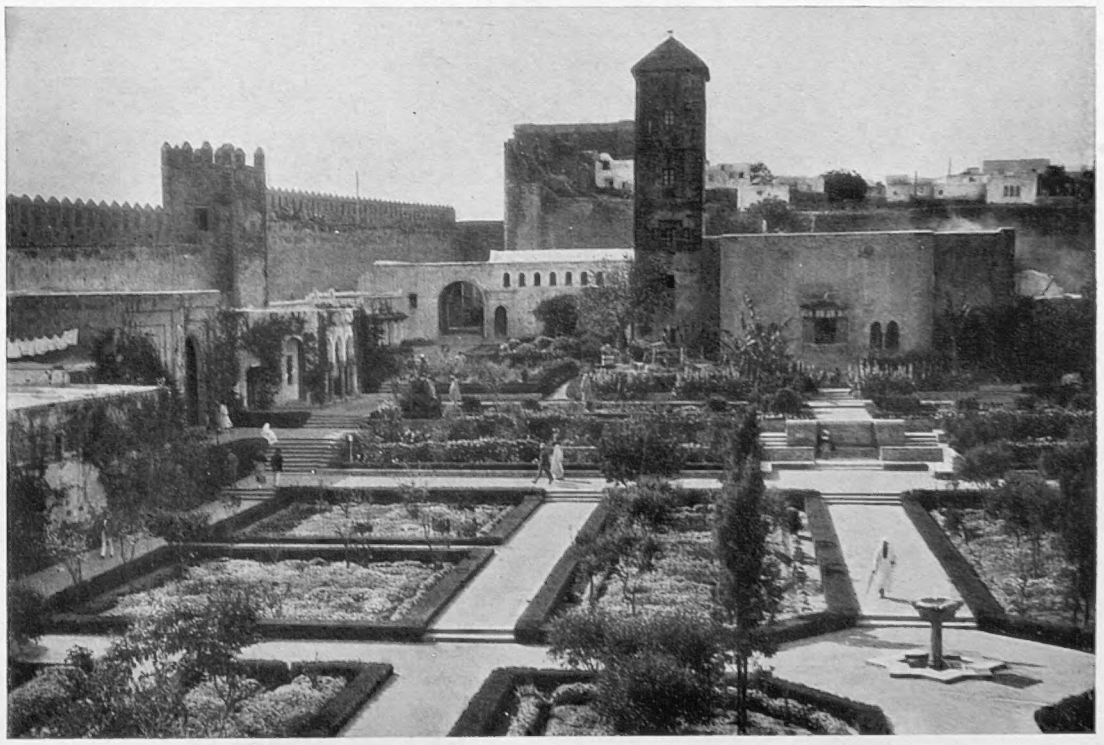
France Encourages Ski-ing.—The French State is doing a lot to encourage winter sports through the National Ski School which was created last year. Its work is being developed this season and ski-ing is being taught in 54 centres in 12 regions. The school functions under the auspices of the French Federation. A variety of cheap tickets on the railways will also help the movement.

If you have had much experience of skis you will appreciate that they can be a bit of a nuisance in the home, and the French Railways are helping to solve this problem by creating special baggage rooms for them in Paris and near the sports centres. The subscription for this service for eight months is only about 2s. in Paris, less at provincial depots and still less for a shorter period. When travelling they may be registered through to the destination for a fee of sixpence. Those who with me believe in travelling light will appreciate this.

Trinidad.—This, the most southerly of the West India islands, will be visited by some of the cruising liners during the next four weeks. It lies a few miles off the delta of the great Orinoco river which runs through Venezuela, and one of its great attractions for the traveller is the lake of pitch, near the village of La Brea. There are about 100 acres of it, sufficient to supply most of the world's asphalt needs.

Port of Spain, the colourful cosmopolitan capital, is one of the finest towns in the West Indies. The cruising liners stay long enough for you to take the overland drive, which after a visit to the lake continues through many coolie villages to San Fernando, the second largest town in the island, and thence through Couva, the oil centre, and Caroni, where there are vast sugar estates, to St. Joseph, which was the capital during the two centuries of Spanish colonisation. From St. Joseph the route is through very fertile country to the Saddle Back Pass and back to the capital.

Trinidad gets its name from the three mountain peaks which Columbus, who discovered the island, called the Trinity. The tropical life, colour, and lovely climate make the island one of the most attractive in the Caribbean.



RABAT'S GLORIOUS KASBA GARDENS: One of the great show places of this seaport of the Barbary coast. Running along one side of the gardens is the old citadel wall which affords protection during stormy weather

In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

The North Coast of Kent in Winter : Where the Air is Always Invigorating : Quiet Retreats Worthy of Recommendation

I WONDER how many of my readers know the excellence of that strip of Kentish coast that runs from Whitstable to the North Foreland. Certainly I myself had forgotten its merits as a winter resort. "Winter," I hear you protest. "What, winter on the north coast of Kent with freezing rain and icy blasts? Good heavens!"

But let me explode that chilling theory. I was there myself a few days ago. It was a gorgeous day. The sea was smooth as glass and the breeze was hardly perceptible. To the left, beyond the motionless oyster boats, one could see the hills of Sheppey in a thin grey haze. Before one, and to the right, in a great arc lay the sea. The mild December sun warmed into a barely perceptible fragrance the short turf on the cliffs. Children played on the beach. And this was the north Kent winter!

Admittedly they do sometimes get a nor'-easter, but few seaside places are free from gales, and the four or five places that have a more impressive record for sunshine pay for it at the price of being enervating to a certain extent. Here between Sheppey and Thanet the air is always invigorating.

Let me take you for a little tour along the coast. In the first place there is Tankerton; and if we follow the cliff road from Whitstable we shall come almost immediately to the Tankerton Hotel. This commands magnificent views out to sea, and I recommend it especially to anyone who is seedy or run down. Madame is a trained nurse and a dietician, and I imagine that her "patients" would have little excuse for not making a rapid recovery. For those who prefer an unlicensed house, there is the Cliff Hotel near at hand. Every room in the house commands a view of the sea, and Mr. Sandback, who has been in China, dispenses more-than-Oriental hospitality. "Everyone who stays in the house for a fortnight puts on two pounds in weight," Mr. Sandback maintains; and I for one am inclined to believe him. So, if you are slimming, don't go to the Cliff Hotel!

Beyond Tankerton we come to Herne Bay and passing right through the town we come to the outlying village of Beltinge. Here there is not only a first-class hotel, the Miramar, but also a very excellent guest house called Reculver Lodge. From both these places you can easily slip into Herne Bay, or if you prefer a quieter retreat there is, only a mile or so away, the little hamlet of Reculver. Reculver is always worth a visit, for the twin towers of "Robert and Richarde" are a famous landmark, and the old Roman walls and the cottages with their masses of valerian and lavender make a pleasant picture even if the flowers are dead.

From Reculver we retrace our steps and turning down a lane join the main road at the Roman Galley. From there we travel rapidly over what was once the bottom of the sea to Birchington, where we can take coffee or stay the night at the "Smugglers" Guest House. But to return to the seashore let us go to Minnis Bay. In summer I recommend people to make straight for the Minnis Bay Hotel . . . but, with the exception of the cocktail bar and dive, it is closed until Easter. Fortunately there is, only a few yards away, an excellent private hotel called Larkscliff. This is a children's paradise, for the sands at the foot of the cliff are famous; and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis themselves understand children. Continuing along the coast we come to one of the largest hotels in this part—the Beresford.

The Beresford is over a quarter of a mile long and it has sea lawns running along the cliff for the whole of its length. There is, of course, everything at the Beresford, including squash courts and a squash professional. There is an excellent dance floor and a good cocktail bar, where those who have been taking strenuous exercise may refresh themselves. Few places are better than the Beresford at this time of the year.

From Birchington we proceed to Westgate, still keeping our admirable sea-view and our glimpse of the shipping bound for the Port of London. At Westgate I commend to your notice Rowena Court, which I visited the other day and found most excellent.

Margate in winter is a very different place from Margate in the summer, and I have no hesitation in suggesting the Nayland Rock Hotel, a Trust House, or the White Hart. There is always plenty to do; but there are not the serried crowds that pack Margate in August and July. Cliftonville consists almost entirely of hotels; but if I must single out one for special praise it is the Florence, where Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson have built up a most excellent hotel.

Only one place remains to be visited before we reach the North Foreland—that is Kingsgate. Here at the bottom of the Percy Avenue on the right is a very good little private hotel called Fayreness. They boldly advertise "No Christmas Festivities," and I can think of many to whom this may appeal. The position is one of the best on the Thanet cliffs.

Kingsgate Castle is, of course, well known, and I have mentioned it before as a really first-class hotel, especially for golfers. It needs no further commendation here; any more than another famous hotel in Thanet, the Granville, at Ramsgate.

Let me conclude by saying that the north coast has this great advantage over the south—that there is no glare on the sea from the low December sun. On the south coast you often need sun spectacles; on the north coast, never. But if you really are afraid of the seaside in winter there is always the Wychway Cottage at Sarre, a charming seventeenth-century building in a very secluded position but within easy reach of all the places I have mentioned in this article.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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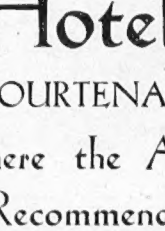

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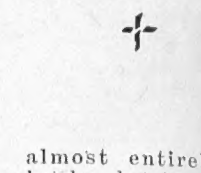

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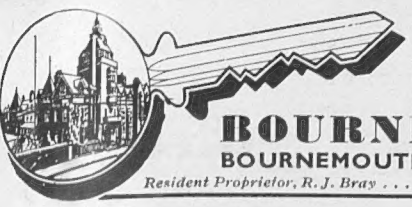

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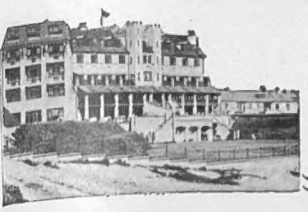

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The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel
Dorchester (Dorset).—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
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Littlehampton.—Southlands Hotel. Tel. 42.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Oakham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone : 1053.
Sidmouth.—The Royal Glen Hotel. Phone : 221
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Palace Hotel. Tel. 2271.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

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Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
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SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

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Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
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